An Epitaphe declaryng the lyfe and end of D. Edmund Boner &c.

NOw the lingering hope is past,
that late the Papistes had:
Their braggyng brests which bold in hate,
their hartes with care haue clad.

They loked long for wished tyme,
of Antichristes returne:
When they in wonted wise might spoyle,
and heapes of Martyrs burne.

But lo the prouidence of God,
their malice to asswage:
He hath bereft these Papistes proud,
the piller of their rage.

Their whip, their sword, their fire brand,
of wrath their chefest stay:
The spoyler of the Christian flocke,
of whom he made a praye.

For bloudy burnyng Boner now,
hath made exchaunge of lyfe:
That whilelome was the murtherer,
of infant, man, and wife.

Yet sometyme he a fauorer,
and did professe the truth:
Defying Pope and Popishnes,
fiue tymes with solemne oth:

And letted not for to accuse,
and note of hainous crime:
Such as were slacke to do the lyke,
during Lord Cromwels tyme.

A learned Epistle eke he wrat,
in prayse and in defence:
Of Bysshop Gardiners worke the booke,
of true obedience.

Wherin he doth accuse the Pope,
his Churche and Romish rable:
Of hainous crimes right horrible,
and deedes detestable.

As tyranny, vsurpyng state,
reprocheful vnto God:
Of England eke a very spoyle,
to Christ his flocke a rod.

He names the Pope a greedy wolfe,
he lapes in his decay:
Hopyng the truth long troden downe,
at length should beare the sway.

He prayseth much the noble Prince,
and calles K. Henry vertuous:
That in suppressyng Popish power,
he is so studious.

Wherby most playnly may appeare,
how Boner had a taste:
Of Christ and of his Gospell pure,
tho he them scorned at laste.

In Denmarke eke Ambassadour,
he published with prayse:
The booke and Epistle named before,
as worthy workes in deede.

Then sent Ambassador to Fraunce,
from Henry puissaunt King:
He furthered with frée consent,
the English Bibles printyng.

And caused diuers of the same,
it semed of godly zeale:
For to be plast within Paules Church,
Christes truth for to reueale.

He caused fiue hundred Testamentes,
be printed, this I know:
And those as precious iewels did,
vpon his frendes bestow.

But as a wauering weather cocke,
Lord Cromwell being dead:
Forsaking Christ and all his lawes,
to papistry he fled.

And of a Paule became a Saule,
a Herode thirsting blood:
As on young Mekins well was seen,
his cruell killing mode.

For when one quest had cleard the boy,
and iudgd him giltles quite:
He could another Quest be cald,
and him condemnd by might.

Thus braue he forth kyng Henries dayes,
but when his noble sonne:
In fathers place to regall throne,
by due desent was come.

Then cald to count for his offence,
as iustice thought it fit:
In humble wise before the Lordes,
himselfe he did submit.

But afterward most stubburnly,
with great contempt and scorne:
He did deny his former facte,
as one, ere then forsworne,

For which offence in prison cast,
where he with wealth was fedde:
Without regard of God or prince,
a peruerst lyfe he ledde.

But when in brothers sacred seate,
God would Quéene Mary place:
This wilfull man from prison cald,
by her especiall grace,

Abusing much the lenitie,
and mercy of the Quéene:
Such bloody broyles began to brue,
as earst was neuer séene.

And lyke a roaring Lion he,
of Plutoes poysoned band:
Made hauocke of the saintes of God,
his Christ he did withstand.

He trode his gospell vnder foote,
as much as in him lay:
With torments great, and torments huge,
the Church he did affray.

And pitie none would he alow,
no mercy might him moue:
His broyling brest enflamed so,
with popish fathers loue.

With coales and candle light also,
of some the handes he brent:
Of some the haire, from of their face,
with cruell clawes he rent.

Some men he beate vpon the face,
but some, most like a beast:
He scourgd with whips & rods (O wretch)
that dede, all men detest.

And breathing forth his tiranny,
consumde with fire and flame:
The olde, the yong, the riche, the poore,
the halt, the blinde, and lame.

What should I say, my hart it rues,
the peoples teares recorde:
The wayled woes for saintes so slayne,
which is to be abhorde.

But all this might not moue his mynde,
for witte gaue place to will:
Both grace and reason fled him fro,
his hart was hardened still.

But when God of his prouidence,
our famous Quéene did sende:
To stay the rage of tiranny,
and wastfull wreakes to ende.

The mercy of Elizabeth,
tho it doth farre exceede:
Could not reclaime his cursed hart,
which errors still did feede.

But that he vide vnreuerently,
with scoffes in mocking wise:
Her graces high Commissioners,
both worthy, graue, and wise.

So when the people prayd for him,
reprocheful wordes he gaue:
Spoke vile, not christianlike, as one
that had a soule to saue.

The second tyme to prison brought,
where he his lyfe did leaue:
Where learned men perswaded him,
vnto the truth to cleaue,

And vie the fancies of the fonde,
wherwith he was abusde:
Unwilling still to heare them speake,
good Councell he refusde.

So that vntill his dying houre,
he shewed no perfect signe:
Of a repentaunt hart or mynde,
that would from sinne decline.

But as he liude a lothed lyfe,
vnconstant, vile, and payne:
Forsaking faith and natures kynde,
which God hath in disdayne.

His glory aye the peoples griefe,
the poore mans payne his prime:
(A wofull flocke where such a wolfe,
appointed was for guide).

Euen so his ende was dolefull to,
wherin did well appeare:
On him the iudgement iust of God,
right wonderfull to heare.

For dead his face as blacke as coale,
and monstruous withall:
His grisly looke so terrible,
as might a man appall.

Alas to the good a very glasse,
wherin they all may learne:
To shunne, the way that Boner went,
and better path deserne.

Yet tho in lyfe he would not graunt,
Christes mercy for to crane:
He wild his wretched Corps with pompe,
brought should be to the graue.

Unto the Church whereas sometyme,
a Prelate plaste was he:
Euen there his solemne obsequies,
and funerals to be.

But sith it was so farre vnmete,
a place for him more fitt:
Within the Churchyard of S. George,
he hath a homely pitt.

And sith he loued not the light,
but did the same despise:
At midnight was he buryed there,
from viewe of peoples eyes.

Wherfore ye Papistes all beware,
forsake this Romish whore:
And feare the Iudgementes of the Lord,
which will you els deuoure.

Recant ye all your heresies,
and leaue your peruerse lore:
Wherin you walkt so stubburnely,
so long and many a day.

Loue God, obey your soueraine,
and pray for her estate:
Renounce ye all your Symmonry,
least ye repent too late.

¶ Finis. T. Bro. the younger.

¶ *Imprinted at London, by Iohn Day, dwelling ouer Aldersgate.*

¶ Cum gratia & Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.

Phot. of HEH

THE GHOST OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Expreſsing himſelfe in theſe three Parts.

1 *His Character.*
2 *His Legend.*
3 *His Tragedie.*

Containing more of him then hath been heretofore ſhewed,; either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems.

Laurea Deſidiæ præbetur nulla.

Printed by G. Eld: for L. Lisle: and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard at the ſigne of the *Tygers head*. 1614.

Harvard College Library
Bequest of Robert
Noxon Toland, 1938

THE GHOST OF RICHARD

The Third.

Expreſſing himſelf in theſe three Parts.

1 His Command.
2 His Anger.
3 His Diſtreſs.

Containing more of him than has been known before in Hiſtory, Tradition, Chronicle, Song, or Drama.

Printed by G. Hamilton, Leiceſter, and are to be ſold in Pauls Church-yard at the Sign of the Gilded Head. 1719.

RICHARD
THE THIRD.

His { CHARACTER, LEGEND, and TRAGEDY.

Expreſſing more than heretofore, either Chronicle, *Play, or Poem.*

Printed by *Geo: Eld* for *Lawrence Liſle*, and are to be ſould in Pauls Church-yard at the Tygers-Head. 1614.

RICHARD
THE THIRD.

CHARACTER,
OF
HIS LIFE AND
TRAGEDY.

Expurgating more than Necessary, edited, Cheerable,
Play, or Poem.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL SIR IOHN GROMPTON, KNIGHT; WITH HIS MOST WORTHY LADY, THE LADY FRANCES.

SIR,

MY ſimple diſpoſition could neuer make cunning obſeruance of any, whoſe deſerts moſt bound me to their reſpect and honor; not more out of my Nature, then Iudgement; ſince commonly the worlds obſequious Inſinuations in Trifles, proue their obſequies of no more Importance. Nor can the weightieſt duties, in my poore habilities, ſway much more the Ballance of the World; becauſe the notice that the world takes of mens noble Loues

to *Vertue*, and good Name, impreſſeth nothing the more, but oftentimes their leſſe price in onely profit and ſelfe-louing eſtimations. Notwithſtanding, ſince I know your true Nobleſſe, out of the common way, in all honored Inclination to the acceptance, and grace of *Goodnes*; I haue beene bold to publiſh this *Poem* (intending allurement to *Goodnes*, by deterring from her contrarie) to your right generous countenance, and graceſull protection: Wherein, leaſt a ſingle and conſortleſſe diſpoſition might perhaps grow cold, by the too many companions that encourage the death of it to all reſpect of vnprofitable *Vertue*; You haue taken into your Boſome ſo free and gratious a loue to it in my moſt honor'd Lady; that the comfortable and nouriſhing flame of it, can neuer want fuell to maintaine and keep it euer at full. To both whoſe one-light, for the direction, and progreſſion of all good Endeauors, belonging and conſecrate to all true Worthines and Dignitie; I offer this well-meaning Materiall; hoping that ſuch as haue no matter to Iudge it, ſhall bee farre from enclining your Apprehenſions to condemne it: And

rather

rather establish, then diminish in you *Vertues* encreasing encouragement. To which, in all resolu'd seruice, I humbly submit; euer abiding, and desiring to my vtmost, your most respected commandement.

C. B.

THE

The Epiſtle to the Reader.

AN Epiſtle *to the Reader is as ordinary before a new Book, as a* Prologue *to a new Play; but as Plaies are many times exploded, though the Prologue be neuer ſo good, and promiſing; So* (Reader) *if thou findeſt not ſtuffe, in this* Poem, *to fit thy humor: If the wit with the faſhion, hold not ſome tollerable proportion; this Enducement* (*though nere ſo formall and obſequious*) *would little preuaile with thy acceptation, but thou wouldſt coniure my* Ghoſt *downe againe, before his time, or torment him vpon earth, with the Hell-fire of thy diſpleaſure. Therefore it matters not whether I humor thee with complement, or inſinuate with glozing* Epithites. *I know* (*in a play or* Poem) *thou lik'ſt beſt of* Satyricall ſtuffe; *though perhaps thou ſeeſt therein thine own* Character; *and not without ſome ſhew of Reaſon are things bitter, the better: For the Gluttonous Sences* (*the Eye and Eare*) *ſo cloi'd and ſurfeited, with*

variety

variety of effeminate pleasures; the rough Satyre doth sometimes not vnfitly enterpose such Courtly delight, which growing a Burthen to it selfe, his entermixt vaine with the others vanity, giues entermission to the humor, and proues no lesse tastfull to the Gallants iudgement, then tart sauce to whet his dull'd appetite: And of this kind I haue enterlaced something, naturally rising out of my subiect; where (by way of preuention) if any shall obiect that I haue not amplified the Legend to the full scope of the Story; I answere; I should then haue made the volume too great, to the discouragement of the Buyer, and disaduantage of the Printer: let it suffice I haue the substance, if not the circumstance; and when I vndertook this I thought with my selfe: That to draw Arguments of Inuention from the Subiect, new, and probable, would be farre more plaucible to the time, then by insisting vpon narrations (made so common in Playes, and so notorious among all men) haue my Labour slighted, and my Pen tax't for triuiall. The Generous Censor (as hee is Ingenious or Ingenuous) I reuerence; likewise the Critick (as he is knowing, and learn'd) but when his censure shall be leuell'd with neither of his good parts, but sauour more of Spleene, then Braine; of Disease, then Iudge-

ment; I doe hartily appeale from him, with all of that faction; And though many did inly wish, that this (not the meaneſt Iſſue of my Braine) might haue prou'd an Obortiue, and ſeene no comfortable light; Yet they ſee it is borne, and (without preiudice to Nature) with Teeth too, to oppoſe theirs, that ſhall open their lips to depraue mee; but whether to lye vpon the Pariſh, or the Printers hand that reſts in clouds; howſoeuer, I haue got ſheetes to lye in, (though they be but courſe) and am ſurè to be cheriſh't in good Letters; if I be entertain'd in the world, and proue a companion for the many, I know I ſhall not be much chargeable; if not, yet this is my comfort, there will be ſome vſe made of me in this land of waſte; In which Reſolution, I ſet vp my Reſt.

Thine if thou wilt.

To his Ingenuous, and much lou'd Friend, *the Author.*

YOu now amids our Muſes Smithfield are
To ſell your *Pegaſus*, where Hackney ware
(Rid by the ſwiſh ſwaſh Rippiers of the Time,
Pamper'd and fronted with a Ribband Ryme)
Though but ſome halfe Houre ſoundly try'd, they tyre,
Yet ſell, as quickned with Eternall Fire.
All things are made for ſale; ſell man and all
For ſale, to Hell: There is no Soule, to ſale.
Your flippant ſence-delighter, ſmooth, and fine,
Fyr'd with his Buſh Muſe, and his ſharpe Hedge Wine,
Will ſell like good old Gaſcoine. What does then
Thy Purple in graine, with theſe Red-Oker men?
Swarth Chimney ſweepe, that to his Horne doth ſing,
More Cuſtome gets; then in the *Theſpian* Spring,
The thrice bath'd Singer to the *Delphian* Lyre,
Though all muſt needs be rid heere; yet t' aſpire
To common ſale, with all turne-ſeruing Iades,
Fits Pandars, and the ſtrong voic't Fiſh-wife Trades.
Affect not that then, and come welcome forth,
Though to ſome few, whoſe welcom's ſomthing worth:
Not one, not one (ſayes *Perſeus*) will reade mine;
Or two, or none; 'Tis Pageant Orſadine
That goes for gold in your Barbarian Rate,
You muſt be pleas'd then to change gold for that.
Might I be Patterne to the meaneſt few
Euen now when hayres of Women-hated-hew
Are wither'd on me; I delight to ſee
My Lines thus deſolately liue like me,

Not

Not any thing I doe, but is like Nuts
At th' ends of Meales left; when each Appetite gluts.
Some Poet yet can leuell you a Verſe
At the Receipt of Cuſtome; that ſhall Pierce
A ſale Aſſiſter; as if with one Eye
He went a Burding; ſtrikes Fowles as they fly,
And has the very Art of Foulerie.
Which Art you muſt not enuie; be you pleas'd
To hit Deſert; fly others, as diſeas'd,
Whoſe being pierſt, is but to be infected;
And as bold Puritans (eſteem'd elected)
Keep from no common Plague, which ſo encreaſes;
So theſe feed all Poeticall Diſeaſes.
Beſt Ayre, leſt dwellers hath; yet thinke not I
Fore-ſpeake the ſale of thy ſound Poeſie;
But would in one ſo worth encouragement
The care of what is counted worſt, preuent;
And with thy cheerefull going forth with this;
Thy Muſe in firſt Ranke of our Muſes is.

Non datur ad Muſas currere lata via.

GEOR: CHAPMAN.

To his worthy and ingenious Friend
the Author.

SO farre as can a Swayne (who then a Rounde
On Oaten-pipe no further boaſts his skill)
I dare to cenſure the ſhrill Trumpets *ſound,*
Or other Muſick *of the Sacred hil:*

The

The popular applause, hath not so fell
(Like Nile's *lowd* Cataract*) possest mine eares*
But others songs I can distinguish well,
And chant their praise, despis'd Vertue *reares;*
Nor shall thy buskind Muse *be heard alone*
In stately Pallaces; the shady woods
By me shall learn't, and Eccho's *one by one*
Teach it the hils, and they the silver floods.
Our learned Shepheards that haue vs'd tofore
Their happy gifts in notes that woo the plainer,
By rurall ditties will be knowne no more;
But reach at Fame *by such as are thy strainer.*
And I would gladly, (if the Sisters *spring*
Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,
And for sweet groues, of braue Heroes *sing,*
But since it fits not my weake melodie
It shall suffice that thou such meanes do'st giue
That my harsh lines among the best may liue.

W. Brovvne.

Int: Temp.

Ad Lectorem de Libro.

Hic nihil inuenies quod carpas; mentior; ecquid
Carpere quod pigeat, tam bonus Hortus habet?
Hinc carpat, quisquis gratos vult carpere Flores;
At Dextrâ carpat, carpere si quis amat.

Fr. Dynne. *Int: Temp:*

To his friend the Author vpon his Poem.

NOt for thy Loue to me, nor other merit,
Doe I commend thy *Poems* forme or Spirit,
For though I know thou art a Friend of mine,
I praiſe this for it owne ſake, not for thine.
Here haue I ſeen Character'd the *Condition*
The *Life* and *End*, of a meere *Politition*;
From which, I learne; *Tis no good Policy*
On any termes to part with Honeſty.
And the *Oppreſt* may view (to his content)
How ſweet it is to be an *Innocent.*
Or by contraries learne with what deare reſt,
The *Soules* of harmeleſſe dying men are bleſt.
So may the bloody *Tyrant* heere attend,
What *Horror* and *Deſpaire* purſues his *End.*
And thoſe that (liuing) loath their faults to heare,
May (reading this) perhaps repent for feare.
Since though reproofes they ſcorne now here they dwell;
Thus their owne *Ghoſts* proclaime their ſhames from *Hell.*

George Wythers.

To the Author vpon his Poem.

I Know thou art too knowing to enquire
This Title to thy Praiſe, which doth require
A Hart ſo conſtant, and a Brow ſo chaſt,
That vertue muſt not fall, how e're low plac't,

Who this way merits best, must looke to bring
Onely a Flower to an intemp'rate Spring;
Which howsoe'r quick-eyed [illegible] *glabert plants,*
Must feele the Earth-bred Blasts in barren wants,
Of ruder Elements oft suffring spoile,
To shew such Hearbs grow not on naturall soile,
Nor can't be spoken-said of Verse, and Rimes
They are but Strangers to these wauering Times;
For as men shift their fashions for new Shapes;
They are in Soules *the same (Inconstant Apes)*
Which each Booke-seller knowes; for as to day,
Your Pasquill *like a mad-cap runnes away;*
To morrow Playes; *the next day* History;
More strange another time; Diuinitie;
And in my Age (which is indeed most rare)
I haue knowne Gallants *buy vp Bookes of* Prayer;
But they were Gamsters, *loosing all in swearing*
Try'd a contrarie way in their vprearing:
To this my common obseruation, Thou
Hast tooke a course (which I must needs allow)
T'includ: them all in one, to catch their Eyes,
That soone are dym'd without varieties;
Wherein I will not flatter thee to tell,
Ther's much of good; and what is worst, is well.

ROBERT DABORNE.

To his friend the Author vpon his *Richard.*

VVHen theſe, and ſuch, their voices haue employd;
What place is for my teſtimony void?
Or, to ſo many, and ſo Broad-ſeales *had,*
What can one witneſſe, and a weake one, add
For ſuch a worke, as could not need theirs? Yet
If Praiſes, when th'are full, heaping admit,
My ſuffrage brings thee all increaſe, to crowne
Thy Richard, *raiſ'd in ſong, paſt pulling downe.*

BEN: IONSON.

THE

GHOST OF *RICHARD* THE THIRD.

His Character.

WHat *Magick*, or what *Fiends* infernall hand,
Reares my tormented *Ghost* from *Orcus* Flame?
And lights my *Conscience*, with her burning Brand,
Through *Death*, and *Hell*, to view the *worlds* faire Frame?
Must I againe regreete my Natiue Land,
Whose *Graues* resound the horror of my *Name*?
Then gaspe those *Marble Iawes*; and Birds of Night,
Perplex my passage to the loathed Light.

Some *Consciences*, with *soules*, may hope for Peace,
When all their veniall, and their petty Crimes
Are expiate, but mine will neuer cease;
T'augment my Torment, past all *Worlds* and *Time*;
Damn'd deeds in life, damn'd pennance doth encrease;
Mens *soules* may fly their *bodies* putrid *Clymes*;
But horrid paines still cleaue to foule offence;
Nor will the *sinne* forsake the *Conscience*.

Giue way *Times Pageants*; *Bubbles*, but a Blaſt;
Obiects for idle *ſpirits*, whoſe vanitie
Feede Streames of *Humors*, in this *Sea* of *waſte*;
Where *Carpet Counſlings* ſwim in Brauery;
Such *Comick Puppets* are not Things to laſt;
Subiects vnfit for *Fame*, or *Memory*;
But *Time*, nor *Age*, can paralell, or ſtayne
My Bloudy *ſcæne*, which *Death* hath dyde in grayne.

Vale *Natures Courſelings*; *Fortunes Fauorites*;
Whoſe percell-guylt, my *Touch* will not endure;
Foſtrers of Fooles, and glib-Tongu'd *Paraſites*;
Sick of *Times Lethargie*; paſt hope of Cure;
Cameleons in your Change of gaudy Sights;
How wanton *Salmaſis* with Luſt impure
Cleaues to your *ſoules*? proues ye of two fold Kind,
Male in the *Body*; *Female* in the *Mind*?

Wallow in Waſt; ſtill iet in ſumptuous Weeds;
Waue feathered *Gulls* with Wind: & ſhrinck with Raine,
Buskin'd ye are but not for lofty deeds;
No ſtately Matter e're inſpyr'd your Braines;
Nought but ſoft *Loue*, your great *Ambition* Feeds;
None ſencible of *Pleaſure*, but of *Paine*
Muſt looke on me; ſuch whoſe high Thoughts are fed,
With *ſpirit*, and *Fame*, from duſt of *Bodies*, dead.

Thinke

Thinke Ye that *Graues*, and hollow *Vaultes* inherit
Nought but *Oblivion*, and *Impotence*?
Doth not from *Death* arise an other *spirit*,
Of high *Resolue* th'extracted *Quintessence*?
Fame is the *Agent* to substantiall *merit*,
And beares about the *Worlas Circumference*
All deeds notorious; which *Time* remembers;
Thus *Phœnix* like, Life springs from down-trod *Embers*

Then as th'*Almighty Thunderer* doth shake,
(With selfe-bred Fumes) th'Immense and Massie *Earth*;
No lesse amazement may my Fury make
In my *Liues* horror, from my Monstrous Byrth:
And since I'm raised from *Hells* burning *Lake*,
Ile fright the *World*, and chase all Formes of Mirth,
From this now *Mimick* and ridiculous *stage*;
I sing of *Murther*, *Tyrany*, and *Rage*.

Then let the Canker'd *Trumpets* of the *Deepe*;
Proclaime my *Entrance*, to this *stagie Round*;
That I may startle *Worldlings* from their sleepe,
Their *fences* in *security* fast bound:
My Tongue in firie *Dragons Spleene* I steepe,
That *Acts*, with *Accents*, *Cruelty* may sound;
As once the *Furies snakes* hist in my *Breath*,
When I kist *Horror*; and engender'd *Death*.

And that my Deuiliſh Braine may not be dull,
But touch the quick of each ambitious Soule,
I take the Wittieſt *Pollititians* Skull,
That euer Hells black Booke did yet enroule;
His *Mazor* fill'd with *Stygian* luice brym-full,
And innocent Blood, fit for an *Ebon* Bowle,
I quaffe to all damn'd *ſpirits*, and I know well
They'l pledg me, though they drinke as deepe as Hell.

All yee then that are fleſh'd in Tyranny,
View me, your ruthleſſe *Preſident* and *Mirror*;
Now all Earths glew'd together villany,
Diſſolue, and melt, with pale, and gaſtly Terror:
Loe I vnclaſpe the Booke of *Memory*,
Rowze bed-rid Age, fowle ſinne, and ſmooth fac'd error,
And with all theſe awake *Antiquity*,
To ſing my Actions to *Poſterity*.

In my *Conception*, *Nature* ſtroue with *Kindes*;
When in the heate of Blood, and Luſts deſire,
Imagination mou'd (a part of *Mind*)
And with the Seede commixt an ardent Fire;
A ſtrange Effect, theſe Powres ſhould be combyn'd,
The *Mortall*, with th'*Immortall* Part Conſpire
To forme a *Prodegy*, the *World* to fright,
To blemiſh Humanes, and diſtayne the Light.

For

For Why, my *Mother* in the ſtrength of *Thought*,
Propoſ'd vnto her *Apprehenſiue* Powre,
Some monſtrous Birth, by *Natures* Error wrought,
On which all *Planets* of good luck did lowre;
My *Syre*, Corruption to this *Fancy* brought;
My *Mother* languiſh't many a tedious houre; (ſee,
Trauell brought Sweate, and Grones; Shee long'd to
Her burth'nous Fraught; at laſt She brought forth *Me*.

My Legges came formoſt; an vnequall Payre;
Much like the *Badgers*, that makes ſwifteſt ſpeede
In waies vneuen: which ſhew'd that no courſe faire
Should crowne my Life, and actions to ſucceed:
Hollow my Cheekes; vpon my Breſt, black Hayre,
The *Characters* of *ſpleene* and virulent deeds;
My Beetle-Brow, and my fire-cyrcled Eye,
Foreſhew'd me Butcher, in my *Cruelty*.

Then as a Brow-bent Hill, much vndermin'd,
Caſts ſcowling Shadowes, o're the neighb'ring Plaines,
Which th'approchers feare, as being enclyn'd
To bury all, his ſpatious Reach containes;
So Mountaine-like was I contract behind;
That my ſtretch't Armes (plumpe with ambitious veines)
Might cruſh all *Obſtacles*, and throw them downe,
That ſtood betwixt my Shadow and a *Crowne*.

And as a *Rauens* Beake, pointed to the *South*
Crokes following Ill, from ſharpe and rau'nous maw;
Such cry *Yorkes* Bird ſent from a fatall mouth;
Boading confuſion to each wight I ſaw.
To adde to theſe (as Token of more Ruth)
Th'amazed *Women* ſtarted; for each *Iaw*
Appear'd with teeth; which *Mark* made theſe Ills, good;
That I ſhould woorry *Soules*; ſuck humane Blood.

My *Father* rau'd; my *Mother* curſt her *Wombe*;
ining Th'impris'ned winds ſhooke Earth, & burſt their Caues;
nane And *Time* (ſwolne big with ſad Euents to come)
in Did ſend forth Throes, eccho'd by gaſping Graues;
allu- The Lights of *Heauen*, dropt on the worlds darke Tombe;
his of Horror inuades the *Maine*, whoſe raging Waues
Ab Doe foame, and ſwell aboue their bounds (the Earth)
xium Theſe fatall *Signes* raign'd at my fearefull Byrth.
uora-
de-
a ai-
ec his

Ita, et In progreſſe of my *Childhood*; with delight
ſueta I taught my Nature to ſee Fowles to bleede;
Beuê Then at the *Slaughter-houſe* with hungry ſight,
pre- Vpon ſlaine Beaſts my ſenſuall part did feede;
Itcq; And (that which gentler *Natures* might affright)
mex- I ſearch't their *Entrayles*, as in them to reade
borã- (Like th'Ancient *Bards*) what fate ſhould thence betide,
atem, To cheriſh Sin, and propagate my Pride.
domi-
Bella
ſq.

Then

Then (as I waxed in Maturity)
I would frequent the *Seſſions*, and thoſe Places
Where guilty Men receiu'd their doomes to Dye;
As well to note the Geſtures, and the Graces
Of thoſe were caſt; as of the *Iudges* Eye;
How theſe looke pale; the others Front out-faces
Eene *death* it *ſelfe*, and hence I learned how
To conquer *Pitty*, with a bended Brow.

Now (to confirme theſe *Notions* in my *Braine*
And to chaſe thence, all Naturall *Formes of Good*)
To preſſe to *Executions* ſooth'd my vaine,
To ſee men reeking in their Sweate, and Bloud;
O how remorſleſſe was I of their Paine!
It was my Cordiall, and my nouriſhing food:
Theſe ruthles Thoughts, were in my hart ſo riſe,
That I could laugh at *Death*, and ſport with *Life*.

As Butchers and loath'd *Hang-men*, in their *Life*;
(Through Bent of *Mind*, and inſtrumentall partes)
Being often vſ'd vnto the bloody Knife,
Make Blood, and *Death*, the habits of their Harts;
And therefore ſince with them, ſuch Acts are rife,
The *Lawes* of *Kinde* (in Liew of their deſerts)
Exempted haue from *Life* and *Deaths* ſterne *Iewries*,
Who (for their Natures) might well ranke with *Furies*.

So

So this habituall Custome, euer breeds,
Such fixt impression in th'Affects, and *Sence*;
That thence the *Minde* receaues Corruptiue Seedes,
Nor doth sincerely take the difference
Twixt Cruell actions, and compassionate deeds;
So *Man*, and *Beast*, with *Guylt*, and *Innocence*,
Are all alike to *Tyrants*, in their swayes;
Where sensuall *Will* commands; and not obaies.

Thus as Contagious Ayre breeds some disease,
Which all vnseene creeps on in fowle infection;
Till at the last the vitall parts it ceaze,
And in his Mortall kind, attaines perfection:
So by Corruption of such Thoughts as these;
And giuing way to *Humor* and *Affection*,
Pernitious Ills encreas'd; and thus I found
How *Pitty* lost, and *Cruelty* won her Ground.

Now, for I knew great *spirits* in *Ignorance*,
Were farre vnfit to sway, or to Command:
Since cunning *Arts*, do *Politick* Ends aduance,
I sought to ioyne their Strengths into one Band;
And (t'arme my selfe against the Threats of *Chance*)
I gaue my selfe corruptly t'understand
Letters, and *Artes*, whole superficiall Skill,
Might lay the *Ground*, to propagate my *Ill*.

Hence

Hence were my *Organs* apt, and *Parts* diſpoſ'd
To giue my *Intellect*, the *Formes* of Things:
Hence was the *Chaos* of my *Braine* diſcloſ'd,
That through each *ſence*, conuei'd their hidden ſprings;
Their winding Streames yet, in my *Sea* were Cloz'd;
Which made me ſwell in ſtate, and ſurge with *Kings*;
Yet with no *Lyne*, or *Plummet*, to be ſounded;
Nor in no *Limit*, but a *Crowne*, be bounded.

In my *Deſignes*, I bore no wexen face,
To take the Print of any Formes within;
I had a *Forge*, that temper'd it like *Braſſe*;
Not by my *Tongue*, my Hart was knowne, or ſeene;
Betweene theſe two, there was ſo ample ſpace,
That Words and Thoughts, were neuer of a kin;
With Threats I could allure, ſmile, when I frownd;
Kiſſe, when I kil'd, and heale, when I did wound.

From *Schoole-mens* Cuſtomes, I obſeru'd ſome Skill;
What's their nice *Learning*, and their wrangling Strife,
But *Gaine* or *Glory*, to turne *Good* to *Ill*;
As if from *Reaſon*, *Paſſion* we deriue?
Then ſince theſe Ends, in *Sciences* raigne ſtill;
And few profeſſe them for an after *Life*,
As they tooke ſwindge then from their *Polliticke ſchools*
So I tooke *Licence* from their *Poſitiue Rules*.

What *Midas* toucht turnd *Gould*, ſuch *learnings* vſe,
For like the *Spider*, and Induſtrious *Bee*,
What one makes Good, the other turnes t'abuſe;
Such was the Nature of my Subtilty:
With *Good*, and *Ill*, ſo play'd I faſt and looſe,
Conuerting Things of moſt Indifferency,
To the peculiar Habit *of my minde*,
And to my forecaſt, thought all others blinde.

I did allow of *Colledges*, and *Schooles*
And learn'd their *Logicall* diſtinction;
Yet I perceau'd the greateſt *Clarkes* but Fooles,
In Iudgement, rawe; weake, in Preuention,
I heard their *Lectures*, could digeſt their Rules,
And make good vſe of their Diuiſion,
Yet like to *Wards*, in Nonage ſtill I held them,
Though they were witty, yet could Wiſdom weild the.

Religion I profeſt (as moſt men ſaw)
But in my Hart deny'd it *Reuerence*;
For I eſteem'd it as a *Penall Law*,
To curb, and keepe Men in obedience;
Yet from her *Ground*, ſuch *Notions* I would drawe,
To touch my Wiſhed poynt of *Eminence*,
That I, in others, would exact her Breach;
As *Great Ones* in their *Lyues* ſuch *Doctrine* teach.

Arts raiſe their *Collumnes* vpon *Natures Baſes*;
And but obſerue, and play, what Shee propounds,
And euery *Act* of *ſcience* enterlaces
Humors, and *Mirth*, among their *ſcœnes* profound,
But *Cunning* onely, is the *Art* that graces;
And moſt affects, in this Conſpicuous *Round*;
Which hauing ſhewne, with *Fame* we part the *ſtage*,
And others enter, mou'd with ſelfe ſame Rage.

I ſaw it was a Worke of *Natures Kind*,
Ambitiouſly to prick-men on to ſtate:
By Force, or *Cunning* to make way, or Wind (Great
Through any Courſe, whoſe End might make them
Humanity (by good ſence I did finde)
To be compact of *Powre*, and ſlye *Deceats*,
Propoſing *Rules* to our owne wiſh in *Fortune*,
Thus each *Mans ſelfe-good*, did him moſt importune.

All ayme at *Welth*, or *Pompe*, ſo catch at *Fame*,
Vertu's inuiſible, therefore not knowne:
Few Loue *Her*, for herſelfe, but for her *Name*.
Yet what's without vs, we would haue our owne:
And *Honor* (being vſurp't by *Vertues* Clayme)
Seemes but an *Accident*, in *Vertue* growne;
If *Accidents* by *ſubſtance* only liue,
Take vertue from vs, what can *Honor* giue.

I was not one of *Vertues* fond Approuers,
That Courted her Imaginary Face,
I ſaw her Seruants and her doting Louers
Were poore, and bare, exempt from State, or Place;
I ſaw that he, her Collours that diſcouers,
And beares th'opinion only of her Grace,
Did make moſt ſhew, with Truth to be entyre;
To be, is vaine, to ſeeme, men moſt deſire.

It was not in my Daies, as once of old,
When *Vertue* had the Worlds faire *Emperie*,
Then was that Innocent Time the Age of Gold,
Whoſe Coyne, was *Truth*, whoſe ſtampe, *Integrity*,
Now monies loue, proues vs of baſer Mould;
For as the *Ages* fell ſucceſſiuely,
From *Gold* to *Siluer*, thence to *Braſſe*, now worſe,
So men tranſlate their chiefe good to the Purſe.

He that inſinuates with *Pollicy*,
That Hats and Harts, with admiration drawes:
That ſhadowes Tyrannous Thoughts, with Clemency;
And keepes his height with populare applauſe;
Intytles *Goodneſſe*, with *Proſperity*,
And makes his *Acts authentical*, as *Lawes*,
Proues, Actions fortunate, though nere ſo vile,
To get the Type of *Eame*, and *Vertues* Style.

Then

Then each Mans *Deeds* hath Praiſe, his *Actions, Grace,*
If ſquar'd by *Forme*, and rul'd by *Imitation*,
And *Honor*, got by *Blood*, by *Wealth*, or *Place*,
Will hold his die if *gloſt* by *Oſtentation*;
But where both *Truth*, and *Colours* want, all's baſe:
Then if we vſe the *Vertue* moſt in *Faſhion*,
Honor attends vs, *Grace* will neuer ſwerue;
All ſtriue to haue, *but few men to deſerue*.

Colours, not *Truth* then, winne the *Worlds* reward;
For like th'obſequious, mercenary Minde,
Few loue the *Merrit* all affect *Reward*;
And ſo for Currant, Counterfeits are Coyn'd:
Then no *Aſcent* ſo ſteepe, no Doore ſo bar'd;
But he that with *Deceite* the *World* can blinde,
May make his way (though ſtradling in his *Gate*)
Through Heads vncouer'd to the Chayre of ſtate.

And ſuch was I: for *Wit*, and *Fortune* make
Crooked Things ſtraite, to theſe *Opinion* cleaues;
Which *Alchimy*, for Currant *Golde* doth take;
And like the buſie *Spynner* euer Weaues
Slight *Webs* of *Praiſe*, and all for *Greatneſſe* ſake:
And thus we ſee how ſlye *Deceite*, deceaues Breath)
The credulous Route, Whoſe *ſuffrage* (though but
Yet from that *Ayre*, *Greatneſſe* takes *Life*, or *Death*.

Proud of this *Knowledge* I ſcru'd into the ſtate,
And of that *Nature* got *intelligence*;
There ſaw I publike *Fortunes* priuate hate,
In ſeuerall tempers of impatience.
One ſtirres too ſoone, and brings on his hard *fate*,
Others ſubdue with *time* and *prouidence*:
Some mixe their blouds to gaine thē powerfull friends,
And by that meanes worke ſafeſt to their ends.

I ſaw in *Friendſhip*, *Vertue* beſt did ſuite;
In Factions, *Powre*, and the moſt pollitick Head,
Since it can only plot, not execute;
With meaner Fortunes, beſt was ſeconded;
Some *Wiſe*, ſome *Valiant*, ſome of baſe repute;
And all like ſeuerall *ſimples* tempered;
Which well prepar'd by a proiecting Braine,
Giue *Greatneſſe* ſtrength, Ambitious hopes maintaine.

I noted *Stateſmen*, in their *Agitations*,
How they diſpatched *ſuters* that implor'd them;
The Followers of their Fortunes, and their Faſhions,
How like to *Demy-Gods* they did adore them;
I ſaw (in offer'd Cauſe of ſeuerall *Paſſions*)
With what vnmoued Countenance they bore them;
Griefe, caſt not downe, *Ioy*, ſpritned not their Eyes;
Rage, bent no Brow, their very *Feare* ſeem'd wiſe.

This

This taught my *ſpleene* ſhould neuer ope too faſt,
That *Pollicie's* not ſound, *if full of Poares*;
What's violent in *Ambition* will not laſt;
The Foord is ſhallow'ſt, where the Channell roares;
I ſaw by them, 'twas waine to ſpend my Blaſt:
For firſt we muſt take in, then ſhut the Doores,
And but by ſecret *Poſterns*, to conuey
Our Aymes by cloſe, and vndiſcouer'd way.

I learn'd like-wiſe, t'appeaſe an Enemy,
In Termes, without *Hoſtility* and *Warre*;
To win an *Agent*, without *Iealouſie*,
And make him tractable, and Regular,
To hold Affection in *Confederacy*
Without Expenſe, and to preuent, or barre
Seditious Tumults without violence;
And keepe Men, longing, ſtill in *Patience*.

To get cloſe Friends about a *Forraine Prince*,
To further home deſignes with Secreſie,
And (to relieue the priuate *State* Expenſe)
Make publique Purſes fill the Treaſurie:
In this they vſ'd *Natures Intelligence*;
That as the clouds do render plenteouſly,
The *Sunne* exhaled Steames, to Earths encreaſe;
So *ſubiects* change baſe droſſe, for wealthy peace.

This

This is the *Wiſedome* (ſaith the ancient *Sawe*)
That rules the *Stars*; outworkes the *Wheele of Chance*;
And from this *Modell* did I ſeeke to draw
Sound *Principles*, my Hopes with Haps t'aduance:
And as ill *manners* firſt made ſoundeſt *Law*;
So theſe *Inſtructions* chaſing *Ignorance*;
Mine owne corrupt Ends prompted me t'acquire
Not *Lawes* to curb, but *Groundworkes* to aſpire.

Alſo in counſell, I obſeru'd and noted
How *Philautia's ſort*, tooke Fire, and Blaſe
From others Light; Whoſe Innocent *Margent's* quoted
From their *Originals*, did win them Praiſe:
How ſome by *Grace* ſat; Some againe that doted
Through feeble Age; (yet trac'd in Politick wayes)
Could help defects, and ſee with others eyes;
Extract their *Wits*, and make themſelues ſeeme wiſe.

Theſe (like the Others) labor'd not to ſound
The depth of Things; but fraught with Burthen light,
They ſayl'd more ſhallow, neere vnto the *Ground*;
And at the Tydes returne, diſcharg'd their Freight:
In queſt of *Glorie*, all their Strengths were bound:
Not Matter, but the circumſtance more ſleight
They touch't at ſtill; whoſe main Entents and Hopes,
Were to inuolue their Aymes, in ſounder Scopes.

Yet

Yet did this Mixture of Varietie,
(Like melting *Hyle*, and ſollid *Pearle*, or *Stone*)
Seeme like the *Elements* in Qualitie;
Aſſembled by a *Diſproportion*:
For as their Iars worke on Humanitie;
And make ſweet *Muſick*, in *Confuſion*;
So *States-men* ioin'd in one, vnlike in Parts;
One *Body* proue, one life, in ſeuerall *Harts*.

Bnt as the *Planets* haue a proper ſway,
And moue to *Heau'n* (that turnes them) contrarie;
So I, from all, drew a peculiar way,
To right my ſelfe gainſt *Natures* Iniurie;
For ſince She ſo miſhap't my *Bodies* Clay,
I labor'd in my *Mindes Deformitie*
To mock her Worke, She made me like to none,
Therefore I thought to be my ſelfe alone.

And as your ſelfe lou'd *Politicks*, n'ere care
What Tempeſts vulgar Veſſels doe betide,
So that their mighty *Argoſes* may ſhare
Their ruin'd States, made Prize to their Pride:
So in the *Ship of ſtate*, my *ſelfe* did fare;
(Driu'n with *Ambitions* Gale, and ſwelling *Tyde*)
I forſt no publique wrack; no priuate Fall,
So I might rule and raigne ſole Lord of *All*.

Thus haue I *Character'd* my *spirit* and *state*
In generall Termes; next shall Yee heare apply'd
The *sequell* of mine *Actions*, to that Fate,
Which *Heauen* ordain'd, as *Iustice* to my Pride:
This my *Preludium*; now I must relate
My Life, in horrid *sinnes* diuersifi'd:
There note how *saile-hoyst* Barks incurre a *shelfe*,
When *Greatnes*, would be greater, then it *selfe*.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF *RICHARD* THE THIRD.

TO him that Impt my Fame with *Clio's Quill*;
Whose *Magick* rais'd me from *Oblivions* den;
That writ my *Storie* on the *Muses Hill*;
And with my *Actions* Dignifi'd his *Pen*:
He that from *Helicon* sends many a *Rill*;
Whose *Nectared Veines*, are drunke by thirstie *Men*:
Crown'd be his *Stile*, with *Fame*; his *Head*, with *Bayes*;
And none detract, but gratulate his *Praise*.

Yet if his *Scænes* haue not engrost all *Grace*,
The much fam'd Action could extend on *Stage*;
If *Time*, or *Memory*, haue left a place
For *Me* to fill; t'enforme this Ignorant Age;
To that intent I shew my horrid *Face*;
Impresst with *Feare*, and *Characters* of *Rage*:
Nor *Wits*, nor *Chronicles* could ere containe,
The Hell-deepe Reaches, of my soundlesse Braine.

Then heare *Ambitious men, Soules drownd in ſences,*
And euer dry in quenchles thirſt of *Glory:*
And yee that haue no eares (yee hearts of *Princes*)
Meaſure your *pompe* by *proceſſe* of my *ſtory:*
There is a *Fate* your boundles hope confinees,
Though nought confine yee in this *tranſitory:*
Thoſe that clime high in miſcheefe rip'ſt of all,
Haue ſtill the feareful'ſt and moſt rotten fall.

VVhat time my father *York* began his claime,
VVhence ciuill, and vnciuill Armes did grow:
VVhen purple gore deaw'd many a fertile *Plaine*,
And ſwords made furrowes, *Engliſh hearts to ſow*,
VVhen *ſonnes* by *fires*, and *fires* by *ſonnes* were ſlaine;
And *Englands* Common-weale a common woe:
VVhen *Heauen* rain'd *Vengeance*; a *Hell ſulpher* & ſpew'd,
And euery *Age* and *ſex* thoſe ſad times rew'd.

I, though too young as then to mannage *Steele*,
(Yet in my thoughtes the *Theory* of Armes)
My ſwelling veines and feeble *nerues* did feele,
The emulation of thoſe hot *Alarm's*.
My *Glories* thirſt made *Appetite* ſo reele,
Betweene my peacefull *ſtate* and boiſtrous ſtormes:
That in the heat and feruor of deſire,
I ſpur'd on *Nature* and ſet *Blood* on fire.

My

My fathers *ſword* or *title* ſet on foot,
VVhoſe *Fate* growne ripe he dropt to *Earth* and periſh't:
But we the *Sonnes*, (greene branches of his roote)
Th'aſpiring vertue of his *Hopes* ſtill cheriſht,
I and my *Brother* held in ſwift pourſuit
The royall *Game*; whoſe thoughtes were iointly nouriſh't
VVith the poſſeſsiõn of that chaſed *prize*,
As for a *Crowne* who would not *Nimrodize*.

Now (ſeconded with *Right*, and *warres* faire *merits*)
I mixt my *blood* with *gall*, my *ſpleene* with *ire*:
Heere I began to *Ionialize* my ſpirit,
Midſt thundring *ſhock*, darting *Cyclopian* fire,
Fame prickt vs on to that we were t'inherit,
And we made way through blood, nor could retire,
Till on the Rubbiſh of our *Enemy*,
VVe reard the *Enſigne* of our *victory*.

Then was the *Kingly Lyon* * held at bay
Coopt in the *Towre*; whoſe *Lioneſſe* rag'd in vaine:
To reſcue, or redeeme our purchaſt prey,
I pitcht more toyles wherein her whelp was tane,
Edward her faire *Sonne* (glory of the day)
My hand eclipſt with foule and bloudy ſtaine:
A murder, that might make the *Sarres* to winke,
The fixed *Poles* to ſhake, and *Atlas* ſhrinke.

Next (to ſecure our parts from *Henries* ſide)
The *By* being bar'd, the chance fell on the *Maine*,
And damned *Policie*, inſtructed *Pride*,
To ſtretch my Conſcience to a higher Straine:
The Diuell whiſper'd, that my hands not dyde
In *Henries* Gore, my hope to riſe was vaine:
My Swords ſharpe point brought his *Quietus eſt*,
VVhich leuel'd to his *Hart*, ſent Him to Reſt.

Hence cruell Thoughts tooke Roote, and ouerſpred
My Syn-manur'd Soyle, *Nature*'s ſhapeleſſe Frame;
The Ground grew Ranke, with Blood and Murder fed;
And feareleſſe Impudence, check't bluſhing Shame;
I cheriſh't Tyranny, ſtrooke *Pittie* dead,
My Rage, like *Salamander*, liu'd in Flame,
And eu'n as Drinke, doth keep the Dropſie, Dry;
So more I Drunke, the more Deſire did Fry.

Yet now (ſecure) *Edward* enioy'd the Crowne,
Warres ſterne *Alarums* heere began to ceaſe;
Bankes, turn'd to Pillowes; Fields to Beds of Downe,
And Boyſtrous Armes, to ſilken Robes of Peace;
Warres Counſellor reſum'd the *States-mans* Gowne,
And welcom'd Bliſſe grew big with all encreaſe,
Wealth follow'd Peace, and Eaſe ſucceeded Plenties,
And needfull Cates, were turn'd to wanton Dainties.

Now

And euen as he (with an Inſatiate ſight)
Beheld a beautious Face, a ſparkling Eye,
Admir'd a pleaſant wit (as Loues delight)
And ſtill adored *Cupids* Deitie:
So I (enflam'd with *Glories Appetite*)
Did Court the ſhining Beames of *Maieſtie*,
Priz'd *Policie*, *Altars* to Fortune rear'd,
He, ſtudy'd to be lou'd; I, to be fear'd.

Clarence his Life in Fortunes tickle wheele
Had now a ſlipperie Stand; for (dreadleſſe) He
In ſound Eſtate of Health, began to reele,
(As Natures Powre muſt yeeld to Tyranny)
My *Adamant* had pointed to his Steele,
And ſubtly drew him to his Deſtinie:
I had a Craft, to vndermine each State,
My Engines, were the Inſtruments of Fate.

For why, an Ignorant *Wiſard*, taught by *Me*,
That neuer knew a Letter in the *Rowe*
From his Spell'd Leſſon, tooke the Letter *G*,
To worke my riſing, and his ouerthrow:
And by a fooliſh childiſh Propheſie,
(As Fooles and children ſtill tell all they know)
Inſinuates with the fearefull King, that *G*,
Should put to death his Royall *Progenie*.

So

Now *Mars* his Brood, were chain'd to Womens Lockes;
Surgeons, and *Leaches*, vs'd for *Venus* Harmes:
They that erſt liu'd by Wounds now thriue by'th Pox,
For ſmootheſt Pleaſure, ſtill enſues rough Armes;
Whiles I, gryn'd like a Woolfe, lier'd like a Fox,
To ſee ſoft Men, turn'd ſwine, by *Cyrces* Charmes,
And being not ſhap't for *Loue*, employ'd my Wits,
In ſubtile Wiles, t exceede theſe hum'rous Fits.

O how I bit my Tongue when *Edward* wiu'd!
That (with the reſt) forc'd Shoutes *of*, *God giue Ioy*;
When to the Center of my Hart there diu'd
Curſes, and rankorous wiſhes to deſtroy;
My hopes grew Dead; Yet (*Hydra*-like) ſuruiu'd
Freſh Heads of Strength, which Miſchiefe did employ,
And my ſmooth *Genius* ſooth'd me in the Eare,
That Blood, would Sanguine the pale Cheeke of feare.

VVhiles wanton *Edward* doates on Miſtreſſe *Shore*,
VVhoſe Luſt, and Tryſling, ſoyld the face of Things;
And *Counſellors* (like *Pandars*) kept the Dore,
My Thoughts were climing to the State of *Kings*:
He, painted *Beautie*; I, did *Crownes* adore;
And euer Impt *Ambitions* Ayrie Wings,
To reach at Fame, and Fortune, which might crowne
Hope, with ſucceſſe; and Wit with Fames Renowne.

So harmeleſſe *Clarence* ſuperſtitiouſly
Is ſent to cloſe Death to the Fatall *Tower*;
But I that charm'd, fulfill'd the *Augurie*,
So *Polliticks* kill farre off with vnſeene Powre,
VVith ſheathed Points I wrought my *Tyranny*;
Thus could I whet, prepare, feed, and deuoure,
Concoct, Euacuate, with moſt nimble haſt,
Blood was my Cheare, and other Feaſts, my Faſt.

So *George* rid poſt; and at his Iourneyes end
(To quench his Thirſt, and coole his bloody Sweate)
His gentle Hoſt (being my ſecret friend)
Did broach a Butt, t' allay his dangerous heate,
But ſo he ſow'ſt him in't, that he did ſend
Poore *George* to reſt, in euerlaſting Seate,
Yet no tart VVine, But *Malmſey* ſtopt his Breath;
So dyde he not the ſharp'ſt, but ſweeteſt Death.

Next, *Time* an other Point begins t' attaine,
VVhen *Edward* (paſt the *Solſtice* of his yeares)
With neceſſarie change begins to wayne,
And I thruſt in to vndergoe his cares,
Life (ſencible of Pleaſure) now feeles paine,
Earth muſt to Earth; as *natures* courſe out-weares:
His *Scene* is done, *Death* ſtrikes him to the Hart,
So parts the *Stage*; and now begins my part.

Now Back-ſteel'd *Buckingham* I made my Friend,
Him I ſuſtain'd with hope, and fed with Ayre,
To further me, in my aſpyring End,
In whom I found will, power, and faithfull care:
I ſhot the *Shaft*, and he the *Bowe* did bend;
And both could runne with Hound, and hold with Hare;
And though to croſſe his Ayme I had a Clauſe,
Yet ſtrongeſt *Agents*, back the weakeſt Cauſe.

Next, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, (that ſtood in light
And iuſtly enterpos'd my vniuſt Ayme)
Did feele the vengeance of my fell deſpite,
VVhoſe Deaths did more ſecure my lawleſſe Claime:
Poore ſimple *ſoules* they were to ſtand for Right
Not hauing Strength: for *Vertues* power is lame;
'Tis deſperate folly to oppoſe, not ſtrong,
Then ſinke with Right, 'tis better winke at wrong.

So *Regent* made, *Protector* to the *Princes*;
Bare Heads, bent Knees, ſooth Miſchiefe, ſecond hope;
Religious ſhewes, doe couer cloſe Pretenſes,
More *Towres*, more *Titles*, are my Fancies ſcope;
Now I contract my wits, ſummon my *Senses*,
To ſmooth the rugged VVay, the Dores to ope
That leade to *State*; the *Law* being in my VVill,
I had a Licence to make good my Ill.

I plaid with *Law* as with a waxen noſe,
Now made it crookt, then ſtraight, then ſaddle wiſe:
And its firme brow I bent vnto the toes,
To make a foot-ſtoole on't for me to riſe.
VVhat *Wiſdome* ſtabliſht *pollicy* ore'throwes,
Corrupts her pure *Soule*, bleares her faireſt *eyes*,
Law's a mute female *Iudge*: *Guifts*, *Wit*, *and Tongue*,
Oft proſtitute her parts to luſt and wrong.

Truth had a tattering ſtand, I made Commander,
Tyrants are euer fearefull of the good:
And *Innocence* in vaine oppoſeth *ſlander*,
VVhom I accuſ'd or cenſur'd, who withſtood?
My Brayne was as an intricate *Meander*,
VVhence horror iſſu'd and the ſtreames of blood.
My *Soule*, like *Stix*, and *Ioue* might ſweare by me,
As nought more aduerſe to his *Detty*.

Now whiles I trembled in an *Agony*,
Sole Soueraignty with ſafeſt meanes contriuing:
My working head (my *Counſells Conſiſtory*)
Debates how I might raigne, the *Princes* liuing:
My powers diſioyn'd, and (for ſecurity)
Neither, to other a ſure Hoſtage giuing.
But in this doubtfull conflict left me ſtill
Betweene my *Reaſon* and my *ſenſuall Will*.

Reason obiects (to countercheck my pride)
How *Kings* are *natures Idols*, made of clay:
And though they were by mortalls *Deifide*,
Yet in the Graue, Beggers as good as they:
That *Sence* was flauish, and for *man* no *guide*,
That *Reason* should Command and *Will*, obey:
And that with all worlds pompe and *Fortunes good*,
VVe still were nothing else but *flesh* and *blood*.

Reason infer'd, *Men* in effect were *Kings*,
If they could rule themselues, and conquer *Passions*:
And that *Desire* soar'd with *Icarus Wings*,
When it out-stript her Bounds of limitation,
That Her Powre onely, could distinguish things;
Shew what was *Reall*, what but Forme, and Fashion,
Suggests likewise, that man was ouerthrowne,
Not more by others Flatterie, then his owne

Farther She vrg'd, that *Fortune* had no Power
But in Mens Ignorance; although Shee boast
To blesse, or crosse, as Shee doth smile, or Lowre,
And to make Fooles of those Shee Flatters most:
That *Vertue* onely was the *Mindes* rich *Dowre*;
By Wealth, not bought, by Pouertie not lost,
VVhich who so had not, euer purchast losse,
His Pompe was Bane, and Titles, but his Crosse.

This

This *Reaſon* doth ſuggeſt; which I convince;
And proue thoſe *Grounds* for idle, falſe, and vaine,
I knew her Powre, was in decay of *ſence*,
Which Age, not Youth; did Foſter, and maintaine;
And though your ſageſt *Morrallists* from hence
Gaue Humane Precepts, with much thankleſſe paine;
Such meager *Wiſedome*, writ with Death-like clawes,
I held as fooliſh as your old VViues *Sawes*.

Low Thoughts, in high-pitcht Hopes, deſpaire do bring,
And as one walking when the *ſtars* appeare;
Night fils his Eye, whence Shapes of Darknes ſpring,
And all his Thoughts, proue *Viſions* by his Feare:
But when *Aurora* ſets the Day on VVing, (*ſphere*,
And driues the *Rauen*-black-*Night* from *Heau'ns* bright
Then Flowers, and Trees ſpangled with dewes he ſpies,
And worlds of *Glories* glitter in his Eyes.

So when great Spirits doe ſhrinke in cloudy Feares,
Looſing their ſtrength, diminiſhing their Pleaſures,
Then Wealth, and Glorie, and what elſe is theirs,
In darkeſt Womb doe bury all their Treaſures;
But when a *Kingly* boldnes them vpreares,
Treading on cloth of *ſtate* their ſolemne *Meaſures*;
Then doe they graſpe (in vigor of their Powres)
The *Globe*, and *Scepter*, and kiſſe Heauen with *Towres*.

Now then (quoth I) let taſtleſſe liues Define
Vertue, and her Reward, in after Time;
Richard, thou haſt an *Eſſence* more Diuine,
VVhich Glories Flame, hath purg'd from groſſeſt Slime,
Crownes be thy *Obiects*, and thoſe *Eares* of thine
Relliſh no *Muſick* but a *Sphere*-like *Chime*,
Thus coucht I *Reaſon* with my *Eagles wings*,
If *Reaſon* rul'd Men, then what need of *Kings*?

No; I look't vp, *Nature* bid me aſpire,
So taught the firie *Eſſence* of my *ſoule*,
Harts are ſmall Things, but infinite in Deſire,
VVhich neither bounds containd, nor Bars controule,
The Fleſh, is vapor, and the ſpirit, a Fire;
And *Iouiall* Minds (when theſe begin t'inroule)
Do part the Droſſe, and on the Bodies Head,
Diſſolue in *Thunder*, what his Baſenes bred.

So, on I went, in diueliſh politick wiſe;
The Yong *Prince* now from ſafeſt *ſanctuarie*
A *Prelate* forſt (ſome ſuch can temporize)
VVho held with *Fiends* t'enfring *Church* libertie:
The *Child* being brought to me (as t'was my Guize)
I kiſt, and Bleſt, with fein'd ſinceritie
The Innocent *Soule*, and therein did fulfill,
The part of *Iudas*; for I ment to kill.

Him,

Him, with his Brother, lodg'd I in the *Towre*,
A payre ill met, to vndergoe like Fate;
Now wrinckled Browes (like Skies, before a Showre)
Spred gloomy Darknes ouer *Englands* State:
All ſought to ſaue; I purpos'd to deuoure;
My *Mynes* are lay'd, and they preuent too late;
Counſels diuide; and a confuſed *Rumor*,
Time ſent, as *Throes*, vnto my ſwelling Tumor.

Now did I vſe each working Inſtrument,
Some Fyles to take off; ſome ſmooth Tooles, to glaze;
Some ſerues t'inſinuate; all for cloſe entent,
Wrought one effectuall end, in ſeuerall wayes;
I was prime *Mouer* in this *Firmament*:
And they, the *Sphere*-like Mouers to my praiſe,
But *Buckingham*, my *Iupiter* of Light,
VVhoſe Influence, was Mirror of my Might.

And as the *Catholick* Spirit in Man applyes
Each *Sence* and *Organ*, to their proper Ends,
Vſeth the *Hart*, the *Braine*, the *Eares*, and *Eyes*,
And to th'impulſiue *ſoule*, thoſe Powers extends:
So in this pollitick Bodie, I deuiſe,
By *Buckingham* (my *Spirit*) who ſlackes, or bends
My vſefull *Engins*; Him I made my Hand,
T'employ his powre, with theirs, to my command.

Now good Lord *Haſtings* (great in all *Mens* Grace)
(Of th'aduerſe Faction, *Fautor* and chiefe Head)
I heau'd at, and remou'd him from his place,
That ſo the Reſt might faint, vncomforted;
My Blood-hound *Cateſby* foyl'd him in the Chaſe;
Who earſt by him being raiſ'd, cheriſht, and Bred,
Knowing himſelſe too weake, to ſtand for Right,
Proues treacherouſly Wiſe, and Friend to Might.

Thus could I *Saint* a Diuell with a Fiend,
And make one Engine other to driue out,
From a mayne Faction cull, a ſecret Friend,
To hold with hope, and to preuent with Doubt,
I had a Powre to breake, what would not bend,
In cautions, vs'd my *Sentinell* and *Scoute*;
In *Iealouſie*, had *Argoes* hundred eyes,
And *Nero's* cruell Hart, to tyrannize.

How cunningly did *Buckingham*, and I,
Pretend, and ſet a coulour in the Treaſon
Of *Haſtings*, to our Liues? how ſuddenly
We Butcher'd, (without Forme of *Law*, or *Reaſon*)
That harmeleſſe Man? then gull'd Simplicitie
VVith forced feare; as if at that ſame Seaſon,
Erinnis, and the Furies had been bent,
To caſt their palenes on our damn'd entent?

And

And what a peece of *Iuſtice* did I ſhew
On Miſtreſſe *Shore*? when (with a fained hate
To vnchaſt *Life*) I forced her to goe
Bare-foote, on penance, with deiected *State*?
But now her Fame by a vild Play-doth grow;
Whoſe Fate, the Women ſo commiſſerate,
That who (to ſee my Iuſtice on that Sinner)
Drinks not her Teares; & makes her Faſt, their dinner?

Now, whiles all wiſh to ſee yong *Edward* Crown'd,
And in each Place a ſolemne Preparation;
In my vaſt Sea, their Streames of Ioy were drown'd,
Whoſe Ayme was bent to croſſe their Expectation:
For *Buckingham*, and I, had laid the Ground
To raiſe my *Columne*, and ſuppreſſe their *Station*;
And much vntemper'd Morter was in hand,
To Dawbe, and *Ciment*, what could neuer ſtand.

The gayne and Glorie-thirſting ſmooth Diuine,
More learn'd, then true; yet of leſſe Arte, then Fame;
And many others with him doe Combine;
To ſleike, and polliſh, my corrupter Clayme;
And whiles their Wits doe work to make me ſhine,
To guild my *Guilt*, and glorifie my ſhame;
Like Racking clouds the people flock, and runne,
With pitchie Breathes, t'obſcure my riſing Sonne.

But I, that held the Conſcience but a *Sawe*,
In my ſelfe-loue, confounding Idle Hate,
Found Tricks t'impeach the Princes claime, by *Lawe*,
Prouing mine true; theirs Illigitimate,
And to this end ſubborn'd one *Doctor Shaw*
With ſeruile *Tongue*, and *Spirit* adulterate
To preach dead *Edwards* ſlander, with my Mother,
And *Baſtardize* the Iſſue of my Brother.

It was ſuggeſted then, moſt Impiouſly,
Edward, nor *Clarence* to be lawfull Payres;
But (by th'erronious Rule of *Phyſnomy*)
To be the Iſſue of ſome ſtranger *Syres*:
That *Edward* had with fowleſt *Bygamy*
Blemiſh't his Stock, and had no rightfull Heyres;
Thus Father, Mother, Brother, Race, and Name
I would haue vilify'd, t'aduance my claime.

Report went out; and whiſpring Rumor drew
From eu'ry quarter, Men of each condition;
To know the Sequell, whether falſe, or true,
To cleare their doubts and to enforme Suſpition:
And to *Paules Croſſe* (where *State-foode* freſh, and new,
After a Change, to feed their Inquiſition)
The many Headed *Beaſt*, doe flock, and gather,
To heare ſtrange Tidings, from their *Ghoſtly* Father.

There

There *Doctor Shaw* ſtept vp: this was his *Theame*,
The Baſtard ſlips doe neuer take deepe roote;
VVho from his Conduit pipe ſent ſuch a Streame,
As drench't his Audience from the Head to foote:
Such *Atilke* and *Hony*, with ſuch clouted Creame
Flow'd from his Wit; and from his Tongue did ſhoote
Such ſpleenefull Venome; that all Men (perplext)
Fear'd He'd goe mad, running beſide his text.

VVhere, hauing ſlander'd *Edwards Progenie*,
Taxed his Lyfe; and ſhew'd his *Præcontract*,
Defam'd our Mother with Adulterie;
Eaward, nor *Clarence*, got in lawfull Act;
Then prouing Me (though moſt prepoſterouſly)
Yorkes true borne *ſonne*; by vs it was Compact
That I (by Miracle) ſhould come in Place,
At th'inſtant of my Praiſe, to meet with *Grace*.

He lookes vs oft, I came not on my Cue;
At laſt (*of courſe*) deſcending to my Praiſe
Home it was ſent, which done, I came in view
And ſpred amongſt them my abhorred Rayes;
Then *Shaw* (*Verbatim*) doth againe renew
What he had ſpoke, *Things fowle*, need double *Glaze*,
Forgetting quite that twice ſod Meate, would dull,
Witleſſe, as ſhameleſſe, prais'd me to the full.

Which (in Effect) was thus: That I alone
VVas patterne, of each Princely Qualitie,
For *Armes*, and vertuous Diſpoſition,
Vnparalell'd; That in Forme, Face, and Eye,
I bore the Figure, and Proportion,
Of *Yorke* my *Sire*: nay, to th' Extremitie
His hyred Tongue, my hope, and Glorie brings
I was not borne t' obey; but rule with *Kings*.

VVhich twice rub'd ouer, groſſeſt Flatterie,
(Met with opinions ſo preiudicate)
Enforc'd the Hearers vniuerſally
To vent in murmure, their concealed Hate.
Another too (of the bald-Frierie)
Inſtructed on like *ſubiect* to Dilate,
Grew hoarſe; and in the mid'ſt (abrupt) came downe
Whoſe Hyre, was Hate; perpetuall Shame, his crowne.

Such *Doctors* were (I doe not ſay there are) (deſire,
Whoſe Breaths ſcall'd *Heauen*; Harts clog'd with worlds
That without Scruple, touch of Shame, or Feare,
VVould wreſt the Scripture, to make Truth a Lyer:
And theſe like Mercenarie Men appeare;
That loue the *Word*, for VVealth; the worke, for Hyre;
whoſe tutor'd tongues, to take off Great Mens Blames,
Set ſtronger Seales on theirs, and their owne Shames.

To giue more colour to this Enterprise;
My *Agent Buckingham*, (with wits high Straines)
Prepares the Citie *States*; men chiefly VVise,
In giuing way to things aboue their Braines:
Such as were seene in *Measures*, *Weights*, and *Size*
Of *Grocerie*; with *Bread*, *Beere*, *Ale*, and *Graines*;
And better knew the waight of Bags, and Pence,
Then matters of this weight, and Consequence.

These notable, Wise-wealthy *Magistrates*;
(Such they were then, what euer they are now)
Did onely see with th' Eyes of higher *States*;
And what these thought (though bad) they would allow:
The sweet *Recorder*, and the Cittie *Waytes*
Did make them sound; and eu'rie Man knew how
Better to Coppie, from their lookes Austere,
Then take true Notes of Wit from them, by Eare.

These Gray-hayr'd *Sages*, (Graue, in saying little)
My Subtle *Buckingham* like Wax had wrought;
Who surely seal'd together with the People,
He brought to tender, what I long had sought;
And being their Mouth deliu'ring to a tittle,
Both what they would, and what our selues fore-thought,
Sollicit me (and they would haue no Nay)
To take the *Crowne*, the *Scepter*, and the Sway.

He ſhewes the publique *Good* that would enſue,
The Peoples generall liking, and Applauſe,
Preuention of ſeditious Plots that grew,
Through want of Execution of the Lawes:
Said, that old ſores, would feſter, and renew,
If I tooke not the Sword, to right their Cauſe:
Behold vs then (quoth He) with Pitties Eye,
Of your accuſtom'd *Grace*, and *Clemencie*.

Then I (with hart-cheek't tongue) made this Reply:
That, though I ſaw their heauy *ſtates* with *Ruth*;
Yet ſo much was my loues ſinceritie,
Vnto the promiſing Hopes of *Edwards* Youth;
Withall, ſo loth to ſtaine *Humilitie*
(Profeſſing ſeemeleſſe *Zeale*; and naked *Truth*)
That I (vnapt for Rule, and *Soueraignetie*)
Prefer'd content, to higheſt *Monarchie*.

He farther doth enforce, and I deny:
He pleads my *Right*, and I diſſemble ſtrong;
Obiects the *Princes* confirm'd *Baſtardie*,
And ſtill the Maidens part is all my Song:
At laſt he driues his ſubtill Oratorie
To ſhew of Spleene, that I their liues did wrong:
And if (quoth he) you will not Condiſcend,
We muſt elect ſome other: there's an End.

This

This *Scæne* ſo well perform'd on either part,
The play drew on to a *Cataſtrophe*,
I added to States double dealing Art
Deuices that by Ebbing, fill'd my Sea;
I hung off; to be drawne by the Deſert
Of making Conſcience of the charge, my Plea,
To take as forc'd, what more then Heauen I wiſh't,
And to which, would through troubled Hel haue fiſh't.

I ſtill put Baite on Baite, to make my Hooke
The more Inuiſible, and gaue away
More then men ask't: men vs'd more care to looke
Where any Suite but worth the begging lay,
Then how to get my wing'd Hand to the Booke,
Proud Beggery made the whole weeke Holiday,
For Saboths, Beggery was a worke of worth,
While merit grew as bameſull as the North.

Then made I ciuill men, make Ryot way,
Men by Art Ciuill, that are ryotous euer,
When men play Artes prize once, they fight, and play,
Such danger in the open Field, is neuer.
Art drawne from Nature, drawes her Soule away,
And then from Beaſts, you can not men diſſeuer,
But in the worſt part; Theſe men for round Fees
Squar'd Arts, and all Termes out by Policies.

For

For Fees, I made them lawfull proue my claime;
Diſabling both my *Nephewes* to Inherit;
Gold ſets vp markes, Hoyles, pricks for any Ayme,
That ſtill ſhall hit, how wide ſoeuer Merit;
Goulds *Chymick* Skill, can cure an aged Mayme,
And in at deaths laſt gaſpe breath Youths firſt Spirit,
Nay, ſo much, Art, and Nature, Gold controules,
That men it makes liue without manly Soules.

Gold got by Begging; Begging not forgot
Could be at any hand; but (varied now)
For my good now they beg'd; that theirs might not
The Font finde dry, ſince euer all the flow
Their Sewres renew'd ſtill; and made ſeeth their Pot.
Tis ſacred Truth: *Firſt good t' our ſelues we owe*;
Thus for themſelues they Supplication made,
That I would take on me the Royall Trade.

I made it nice for my *Good*, (as from theirs
They turn'd their owne ends ouer, all to mine)
And at the laſt for their *Good* heard their Prayers;
And as by any Floods ſide ſinkes a Pine
To take more Roote; and curle his leauie Hayres
The more in Bows, and Armes, that kiſſe the Skyne;
So ſtoopt I; ſo to riſe; and being vp
Both with their Goods, and Bloods, I crown'd my cup.

This

This fearefull doubt then being thus decided,
As a *Præludium* to my Tragick *Maine:*
The factious *Peeres* now ioyn'd that were diuided,
Who with all ſollemne Rites confirm'd my Reigne.
Thus deſperately I tooke the *Clew* that guided
Through *Laberinthian* doubts; and now in vaine
That monſtrous *Minotaure* (the people) rag'd,
Whoſe turbulent Breath I calm'd; and fiercenes ſwag'd.

Now though all heads are bare, and bend their knees,
Yet (in themſelues) my *Greatnes* they compare
To *Senecaes* high-ſtiled Tragedies,
Emboſt with gold, moſt glorious, ritch and faire,
Which as they ope, *Thyeſtes* greets their eyes,
Who prou'd his Childrens Tombe; and then they fare
Like men that ſee with horror, reade with hate,
And ſo abhorred was my golden ſtate.

For hauing died my hands in humane gore,
Made black my *Soule*; my wit a plot doth caſt
To feed my rauenous appetite with more,
My *Gorge* was empty for a new repaſt,
But ſuch a one, not Ages long before
Offer'd to *Time*; or *Fames* all-ſounding Blaſt:
Now doth my *Conſcience* play the Cowards part,
And Blood chac'd from my face, flies to my heart.

Then *Ioy*, with *Feare*; and *Hope*, with deep Deſpaire,
Adulterate their Powers, and did engender
Confuſion, Horror, and blood-thirſting Care,
Which Paſſion (mixed with diſtraction) render;
Now Nature ſhrunke, and ſet on end my Hayre,
My Hart pants thick, my Pulſe beates ſlow, and tender,
At the Conception of a Thought, whoſe Hell
Containes that Torment where the Diuels dwell.

In ſhapeleſſe Darknes I was then confin'd,
And eu'rie thing (that erſt was my delight)
Turn'd to a *Fiend*; broad waking, I was blind,
As if enfolded in the vayle of Night,
Aſtoniſhment, did all my *ſences* binde,
Shame did appeare; dead Pittie roſe to light,
VVhen I conceau'd the Murder of the Princes,
Which *Heau'n*, & Hel, Time, Nature, death, conuinces.

Yet thus my Diuelliſh ſpirit ſhooke off this Trance,
And thus my *Genius* chid: O Coward faint!
Did not thy wit aboue thy Birth aduance?
Cut knotty Doubts, and Bars of all Reſtraint?
Doth not thy Frowne controule the Frowne of chance?
And ſhall thy Superſtitious Fancy paint,
Theſe hartleſſe Feares, Imaginarie Hell,
And haue a Charme aboue thy Politick *Spell*?

Haſt

Haſt not made *God* a Cloake, to get a Crowne?
VVithout all Shame, parboyl'd thy bluſhleſſe Face?
With conquering Tyrany, caſt Pitie downe?
Eſtabliſh't Wickednes; ſupplanted *Grace*?
And now like to a man (ready to drowne)
Catch at a helpleſſe Thing? Why this is baſe;
Not like a Kingly *Pollitician*;
But a poore Ignorant *Plebeian*.

VVhat? wilt thou thus runne from thy ſelfe to Error?
And make Indulgent Nature now thy Foe?
Plunging thy ſelfe into the Depth of Terror?
And where once Wiſedome thriu'd, let Folly grow?
Shall ayrie Vertue, now become thy Mirror?
And things (meerely without) afflict thee ſo?
If Conſcience fright, and ſilent Shame be fear'd?
Thou art no *King*, but of the popular Heard.

Tis Shame (where parts agree) to make a Iarre;
To bring Diſturbance, and Diſtraction;
VVhat *Nature* hath eſtabliſhed, to marre,
Is to deface the Habit, ſhe puts on:
To bring thy Actions to thy conſcience Bar,
So to be doom'd to ſwift perdition,
But hauing fear'd thy conſcience, ſeal'd thy Blame,
T'vnrip the wombe againe, why this were ſhame:

No Richard: in thine owne powers, ſtill be free,
And what ſeemes beſt, thinke abſolutely well:
Confirme thy ſtrength, make good thy pollicy,
Nor gainſt thy name, and dignity, rebell:
Proue not a *Zeliſt* in fond *Purity*,
Nor paint a *Heauen*, nor counterfeit a *Hell*:
But wind into thy ſelfe; there, ſet thy reſt,
So plot, and execute what thou think'ſt beſt.

Maintaine thy power, diminiſh not thy ſway,
Nor bound thy ſelfe, being a boundleſſe *King*;
But of thy *State* ſtill propagate the *Sea*,
And take the Tribute of each petty Spring:
Frame thine owne *Circle*, and then boldly ſay,
This is my *Center*; hether will I bring
The *lynes* of all my *Actions*; faire, or foule,
And ſee what power, or will, or can controule.

Breake ope thy black *Abiſſus*, and take thence,
Worlds of aduantages againſt the world:
Be falſe, and cruell, ſtill with impudence,
And calmes, with tempeſts, on thy Brow be curl'd;
From thy owne Heauen deriue thy influence,
And Fiend-like feare be into darknes hurl'd,
Thy Sun, to Sun; thy Starres, to Starres aduance,
And let thy pompe in golden mountaines dance.

So

So then (reſolued) hauing thus debated
My tirannous Will, had laid the bloody traine:
And in my doome the *Princes* liues were dated,
Whoſe ominous being, did impeach my raigne:
I thought my ſelfe not abſolute inſtated,
Nor could make free vſe of my purchaſt gaine;
Till without *Rinall*, I might ſhew my brow,
One King in ſtate; one Sunne the Heauens allow

Now was my Froſtie coldnes, fully thaw'd;
And my reſiſted fire found open vent,
Now I digeſted, what ſo hard was thaw'd,
And turn'd it to familiar nouriſhment:
Then *Buckingham* (my artificiall Bawde.
My Hand, my Factor, and my Inſtrument)
I grounded on, to worke this laſt Deſigne,
And giue the Fire, to this my ſecret *Myne.*

Legions of Diuels ſeconded my Thought
To ioyne him with me, in this dangerous Mayne;
Whoſe powrefull hand, my counſell would haue wrought
T' effect the complot of this Murth'rous Traine;
But here he ſtopt, would by no meanes be brought
To adde this fowlenes, to his former Staine;
And like on's *Nayles* within an vlcerous Sore,
Touch't to the quick, he ſhrinkes, and will no more.

My Motion did repeale his baniſh't feare,
And Feare, Sollicites his num'd Conſcience,
His coldnes, mou'd my heate, which heate did beare
The churliſh temper of Impatience:
And now his Loue from memory I teare,
Turne his obſequious ſeruice to offence:
For Politicians are no longer Friends,
When Friends can adde no more to their mayne Ends.

So did he vaniſh, for he now had ſpent
The Marrow, of his Truſt, and Flatterie;
And ſo I vs'd each ſeruile Inſtrument,
VVhen it had loſt his ſteeled facultie:
I ſqueaz'd him dry, and his true ſeruice ſpent
I pay'd with emptie handed Vſury,
For like a *Politick*, well taught, full growne,
I felt no want, or fulnes, but mine owne.

Beſides; he had both power, and Subtiltie,
And knew where I was weakeſt fortify'd,
Then of my ſelfe ſo much in him did lie,
That he had got the Raines to curb my Pride,
Nor ſtood it with my kingly Dignitie,
To proue his Slaue, that erſt had been his Guide,
For his owne neck he made the fatall nooſe,
''They loue no Traytors, that doe Traytors vſe.

Great

Great *Buckingham* thus pay'd with hatefull Frownes,
I choſe for him the *Maleconted* Mate,
One that will kill his deareſt *Syre* for Crownes,
In hope t' aduance his long deiected State,
The hope of *Heauen*, and paines of Hell he drownes
In ſmiles of Fortune, and auſpitious Fate;
And of this Ranke, one *Tyrrell* I did frame
To doe this deed, whoſe horror wants a Name;

This vpſtart Gentleman, being ſtyl'd a Knight,
VVhoſe Back, and Belly, had conſum'd his Good,
Puts forth his long-hid-head, into the light,
To crowne his valour in this Act of Blood:
Ages to come, a Catalogue may cyte
Of ſuch braue ſpitits, whoſe hated Creſts doe bud
VVith homicidiall honor; and doe beare
A Sable conſcience, in a Shield of Feare.

And note what State was kept when this was wrought,
The Cloſe-ſtoole was my Seate moſt eminent,
A filthy Carpet fits an ordur'd Thought,
The *Sences* loathing, and Sinnes Excrement:
So *Tyrrell* tooke ſom State, whoſe pride had ſought
Two loathed Slaues, which o'ercloy'd Time did vent
Into this Sinke of Shame, in which damn'd Fact,
Tyrrell commanded, and the Groomes did act.

The

The Euen, before the Night, that this was done,
The head-ſtrong windes did rage with hydrous Storme,
As red as Blood diſtends the feareſull Sunne,
And Nature, had put on a diſmall Forme,
Chaos was threatned by th'eccliplèd *Moone*,
And Rauens, and *Scrich-owles* bode th'enſuing harme,
Then burſt there forth (whiles darknes ſhooke Hels Chaine)
An angry Comet with a ſmoaky Traine.

The fatall howre vſher'd by this Oſtent,
Aſtoniſh't all; and in the Princes bred
Oraculous Preſages of th'Euent,
That they like Lambs were to the Slaughter led:
Their ſpotleſſe Liues muſt cleare the Element,
The angry Comet thirſted to be fed (ceaſe,
With their hart bloods; they knew theſe ſtormes would
VVhen they were lodged in their Graues in peace.

Thus they Diuin'd; and though by zealous Prayer
They ſought t'auoid the danger, then ſo neere,
Yet ſuch vaine hopes doe turne into deſpayre,
For Fate reſpects nor zeale, Truth, Loue, nor Feare,
Heau'ns cauſes knit, doe neuer breake their ſquare,
But runne directly to th'effects they beare;
And though hard Fates can neuer be withſtood,
Yet Death confounds the Bad, life crownes the Good.

Thus

Thus Heauens iuſt Law, order'd by vpright Hand,
They that liue iuſtly, that true Courſe do runne;
Which they that leaue, apparantly withſtand,
And doe purſue their owne Confuſion:
Theſe innocents, being mark't for Angells Band,
Keeping Heauens Courſe as conſtant as the Sunne,
Although by my moſt bloody hand they fell,
Yet in their Fall, they roſe; I, Damn'd in Hell.

Theſe Deuiliſh Slaues, whoſe darke deeds fly the light,
(When Sleepe, in binding deawes had ſteep't the Sences)
With glaring Eyes, cloak't in the vale of Night,
Ruſh't in, to act this *Murder* on the Princes;
Whoſe horrid Semblance, Death might well affright,
And whoſe attempt, euen Hell it *ſelfe* Conuinces,
Meduſa's Adders in their Hayre were rold,
Not *Gorgons* Head more vgly to behold.

As they approch the Bed where they repoſe;
Their drumming Harts, panted their Feares Alarm's,
To ſee the ſweetneſſe Nature did diſcloſe;
(O that ſuch Beauty ſhould lye ope to harmes!)
There twyn'd the Lilly and the bluſhing Roſe:
And as they claſp't like leaues) their Innocent Armes,
They ſeemed in the obiect of ſuch Glory,
T'inuite ſome Pen to lyneate their Story.

The Humors, and the Elements, combin'd,
To forme in them, the Abſtract of perfection;
The Graces, in their ſweet proportion ſhin'd,
Whoſe radiant Beames, ſhot Loue, and fyr'd Affection;
And if the outward Beauty from the Minde
Receiue all Grace, all Luſter, and Reflection;
Then might one ſay, of eithers Spirit, and Feature;
Heauen held the Penſill, and the forme of Nature.

The Worlds Abridgement in this Beauty lay,
Thus ſubiect to, the hand of Tyranny;
Whoſe light, from darknes might haue ſtrooke the day,
And with his Beames, dazled an Eagles Eye;
Yet theſe damn'd Hell-Hounds had the hart' aſſay
To rouſe theſe *Orbs* vp in obſcuritie,
And paſh to *Chaos*, their ſo faire built Frames,
To ſacrifice their Lymbs, in Funerall Flames.

Now, in the Bed (which is the Type of *Graues*)
And in dead Sleepe (the portraicture of Death)
Thoſe dregs of Men, this Spawne of Earth, theſe Slaues,
Did bury them aliue, and ſtop't their Breaths,
Where like a *Sexton* each himſelfe behaues,
To couer them with that which lay beneath;
So left them ſleeping in eternall Reſt,
Whoſe Sainted *ſoules*, now liue among the Bleſt.

Theſe

Theſe Furies now are tortur'd with Deſpayre,
And howle in horror of their murd'rous deede,
They beate their Breſts, and teare their Snaky Hayre,
In their aſſured Torment to ſucceed;
VVith ſinfull Breaths they taint the pureſt Ayre,
And in their Faces eu'ry one may reade
Guilt, mixt with Feares; too late, they finde too well,
That though they breath on Earth; they liue in Hell.

Now when I ſaw printed in *Tyrrels* Brow,
Theſe *Characters* of Death, and ſhamefull Gore,
I bid him ſtudy for the beſt meanes how
I might requite, or he might well Implore:
But he, that did with Guilt enough endowe
His wretched ſtate; would neuer looke for more;
But ſumming vp this Murder, with his Pride,
He got the Diuell and all; ſo liu'd, ſo dyde.

Thus without Feare, arm'd with *Herculean* Force,
I ſaw this Hell, my Thoughts had ſhap't, and bred;
If fearefull *Hydra*, had oppos'd my courſe,
I ſhould haue left the Monſter neuer a Head:
Or like *Roomes* Tyrant (with as ſmall remorſe)
Thouſand contracted Liues, haue Butchered;
To raiſe my Glorie to this compleate Frame,
And ſet my Foote vpon the Throate of Shame.

Yet now my Life was conuersant with Danger,
Feare, and suspition, did perturb my Sleepe,
Th'apparant Hate of Men, stir'd vp my Anger,
And charged Pistols, for defence I keepe,
For since I had profest my selfe a Stranger
To euery Good; in Blood, and sinne, so deepe,
My Sores were to be rub'd, t'auoide their Harmes,
Who guilt pursues, Circumspection armes.

They that no Ill commit, no Ill need feare,
And Truth is their best Armor of Defence,
Ill comes not, when before it was not there,
And Weapons fit a wounded Conscience,
Tyrants, the priuie coate had need to weare,
And euer waking keep their troubled Sence,
So kept I watch, and stood vpon my *Guard*,
My Steele still drawne, of mine own Shadow fear'd.

Now the *Lancastrian Line*, that scarse was seene,
With Sword (instead of Pen) begins to raze
The *Line of Yorke*; whose Inke, is blackest Spleene,
To blot my Glorie, and my Name, deface,
The Frost bit *Rose*, now sprouts, and waxeth greene,
Wanting but time to spred with wonted Grace,
The white Rose, must be ioined with the Red,
To propagate faire Stems, in one chast Bed.

Richmond.

Richmond, my Brothers Daughter to Espouse
(The sweet *Elizabeth*) is mark't by Fate,
VVhich to preuent, my Lyon Spirit I Rouze,
VVith that faire *Lyoneſſe* t' Incorporate;
Which though nor Lawes *of God*, nor Man allowes,
Yet to eſtabliſh, and ſecure my State,
I ſought with wilfull Luſt, and powerfull Awe,
To croſſe the Banes, and ouer-rule the Law.

Firſt *Buckingham* (whoſe hopes were vainely fed
To breake the Ice for *Richmond* with his powre)
I march't againſt, and (by good Fortune) ſped;
My Starres herein did ſmile, and his, did lowre,
I prick't him kindly, he as kindly bled
His ancient Loue; and ſo in happy howre,
I pai'd th' arrerages of his lent Good,
And had m' Acquittance ſealed with his Blood.

O *Buckingham*; thou wert too open Breſted,
And ſpent'ſt too freely to receiue thy Right;
For of my State, by thee I was Inueſted,
A debt farre greater, then I could requite,
Some *States-mens* Hands are ſhut; their Bounty Cheſted,
And ill doe they abide thoſe men in ſight,
That may vpbrayde with vnrequited Good;
Such Bonds are ſeldome cancell'd, but with Blood.

Next *Anne* my Wife (whoſe Being did deny
My match, with my fayre *Neece Elizabeth*)
Fell ſodaine ſicke with griefe, or *Iealouſie*;
And all my Loue would not preſerue her Breath:
I gaue her Medicines for Sterilitie
And She grew fruitfull in the Bed of Death,
Her Iſſue, crawling Wormes; and there ſhe lyes,
Whoſe loue, and life, loe thus I memorize.

This was that creature that I woo'd, and wonn,
Ouer her bleeding Husband, ſtab'd by me;
Such different perſons, neuer ſaw the Sunne,
He, for perfection; I, Deformitie;
She wept, and ſmil'd, hated, and lou'd, in one,
Such was her Vertue, my Hypocriſie,
Thus womens *Griefes*, nor *Loues*, are dyde in graine,
For eithers colour, Time, or Men, can ſtaine.

For farther proofe, my Siſter *Queene* I choſe,
Profeſſing Truth, to her; t' her Daughter, Loue;
Inſinuating with ſuch artfull Gloze,
As if the *God* of *Eloquence* ſhould moue;
And notwithſtanding all the baneſull woes,
She had ſuſtain'd by me; I made her proue
My Loues Attourney, furthering my Sute
T' aſtoniſh Wonder; and ſtrike Rumor Mute.

By this I Inſtance, how theſe Fooles are caught
With honors Baites; or tickled with their Praiſe,
Whoſe flexible conditions may be wrought
To any Forme; Subiects for Sports, and Playes;
Angels they ſeeme, and are with Angels bought,
Guilded corruption; Natures falſed Glaze,
No meane in their Affects; in Paſſion mouing,
No moment in their Teares; nor Faith, in Louing.

Inconſtant Sex; no ſooner full, then wayning,
In weakenes, dying; and imperfect, borne;
Their ſcanted wils, like halfe fac't Moones complaining,
Which to ſupply they make the Forked Horne:
Nor hot, nor cold; now louing, then diſdaining,
The Fautors of Deceipt; of Truth, the ſtorme;
Like Cotton Buds, which none can bruiſe, or pull,
But being put forth, like them they turne to wooll.

Such were my Wyles, I could deceiue deceite,
Guild Imperfections, with Imperfect Glorie,
Building on Ruines my vncertaine State,
Laugh at Oppreſsion, from Prides Promontorie,
I ſooth'd my Pompe with an eternall Date,
And in *Ambition*, perfected my Storie,
Which VVord, let Fame to after Ages ſound,
As of my Life, the *Pyramed*, and *Ground*.

And

And as a Taper play'd within the night,
Where men doe firmely sit, or walke, or stand;
Raiseth their Shadowes, to the places hight,
Then to the Ground, in turning of a hand:
Now incompaires them, by the waning light,
And then extends their lengths, themselues beyond,
So Fortune playes with *Kings*, and worldly States,
She tosses, turnes, reares, and precipitates.

As one that drinkes more then he can containe,
He surfets in excesse, and duls his Taste;
And then the Fume (spred through his Poares & Braine)
He speakes his secret'st thoughts, and seemes disgraste:
Nor doth desist, till in his drunken vaine
His Intellectuall powres are so defac't,
That (loosing th'office of his Feete) he lyes
Shamefull, and naked to all sober eyes:

So I, in thirst of *Glorie*, *Rule*, and *State*,
Drinking excessiuely, and past my fill;
Swinging in Lust, and Thoughts intemperate,
Drunke in Ambition, and my sensuall will:
Was so transparent in my latest date,
And all my Good, so swallow'd in my Ill;
That in my staggering Pride, and shamefull Fall,
I grew a Monster, and a scorne to all.

I, that once thought, that no man could be blest
In moderate kinde of Humane blessednes,
And in my Tyrannous licence did suggest
To comprehend (in Pompe) all Happines:
Gaue Reignes to Lust, and in my Will suppresst
The rule of Reason (mans sole Soueraignesse).
That to the Worlds Doome, still preferr'd mine owne,
And pitcht my hopes, no lower then a crowne.

I, that did make no conscience to Plot,
And perpetrate, all Beastiall cruelty:
That harrow'd Earth, and Hell for what I got,
As if those Tipes would last Eternally:
In Goodnes cold, in Mischiefe euer hot,
And in my damned Tracts of Pollicie
Had sowne mens Harts, and with vnfeeling Taints,
Did dye my Hands in Innocent blood of Saints:

I, that could taint soules with corrupting Breath,
And from their Breasts roote Faith, and Pietie,
Steeling their Spirits for Acts of closest Death,
And suck the hart of their abilitie,
Then raise fresh bloods, and set the dry, beneath,
Fester'd, in conscience of their villany,
Then rack them with delayes, reward with ayre,
And laugh to see them perish in despaire:

I that at beſt, held Vertue, and Religion,
No other Things, but well mixt Elements;
Nor Vice, nor Ill, but Humors Diſpoſition,
Depraued by the Bodies Inſtruments:
Eſteem'd the Soule ſubiect to Deaths corruption:
Nor thought all theſe, but naturall Euents,
And their diſorder cur'd by Phiſicks Skill,
And nothing ſubiect to th'Eternall Will.

Now did my Conſcience, that lay ſmothered
Vnder this Pile, of Damn'd Impietie,
And ſeem'd (as with greene fuell Maſtered)
Conceall'd, and priſon'd in Obſcuritie;
Shew'd, that by Sin, 'twas rather comforted,
Then any way depriu'd of Faculttie,
And in their Flame did rage ſo much the more,
By how much it did ſeeme reſtrain'd before.

Now all my Acts of Murder, Sinne, and Shame
(Bred by Ambition, and my tyrannous Will)
Appear'd vpon my Head like *Aetna's* Flame,
Or like a *Beacon* fyr'd vpon a Hill;
Now Rumor, giues the Eccho to my Fame;
Vprores, and Inſurrections gin to fill
All places vaſt; and now in feare, I ſtart,
To fall beneath the mountaine of my Hart.

O how I curst my Aspick Flatterie,
That shed such venome in my Rationall Powre,
I curst the Glasse that so corruptedly,
Did shew the face of vice to smile, not lowre;
Now for each priuiledg'd Mischiefe did I lye
A Butt to Torment; and a fearefull Showre
(By the Black vapor of my Sin being bred) (head.
With blood and vengeance swolne, hung o're my

Thus, in the VVayning Splendor of my Pride,
Compast with danger, and assayde with Feares;
And in my Thoughts, all Torments multiply'd,
That might augment the burthen of my cares;
I found my selfe so weakely fortifyde,
Against the powerfull Battery of despaires;
That I was plung'd into Hels deepe *Abisse*,
Secluded from all comfort, Ioy, or Blisse.

Nor did the ancient *Poets* idely faine
Erinnis, and the damn'd *Eumenides*;
Since euen those Furies, in their Maske containe
The Morall, of my tortur'd Tyranies:
For th' Apparitions of ensuing paine
So danted me with their Extremities,
That I was rack't in terror of my doome;
And made that present; which was but to come.

Then dreadfull *Melancholly* did ensuere
My Nature, to the Temper of my Brame,
Which soaked with my Spleene, disturb'd my heart,
And through my body, spred a poisonous Bane,
It did confound my Sense, and every part,
Each *Muscle*, *Sinnew*, *Arture*, *Joint*, and *Vaine*,
Had lost their naturall working, and prepare,
To set me in the high-way, to despaire.

Such was the horror of my Malady,
Distract with feare, of that I was t'inherit,
That it corrupted every Faculty,
Congeal'd my Blood, and dull'd my actiue Spirit,
Thus my whole *Nature*, felt like *Sympathy*,
With my despairefull Soule, for fiytfull Merit,
For all the Functions of my Soule, and Sence,
Were maymed by my wounded Conscience.

My *Reason* dotes; my *Soule* did idle sit,
VVanting fit matter of Intelligence;
Organs, deprau'd, and stupifyde my Wit,
My *Vnderstanding*, weake; vnsound my Sence;
And euery part disabled, and vnfit,
To comfort or relieue my Conscience,
Hopelesse, and helplesse, all my powers agree,
In Desperations Gulph to swallow me.

And as we see the Eye, the Eare, or Sent,
Affected long, and ouer vehemently,
Retaine their *Species* in the Instrument,
Though absent, hurt with wounding qualities:
So the Internall Senses, strongly bent
To fearefull Obiects of obseruance,
To iudge of things by their depraued kinde,
Giue Passion vigor, and make *Reason* blind.

The *Sunne*, the *Moone*, and *Planets* of my Nature,
So fearefully eclipsed in their light:
My inward darknes casting on my Feature
A semblance ghastly, pale, and full of fright:
My leprous Soule, deformed, as my Stature,
Did in these Tragick Terrors seeme t'excite
The thoughtfull presage of my Destinie,
To be accomplish't in my Tragedie.

Likewise my Name entitching Fels black Roule;
So infinite my Actions of Arrest,
My grimie face, conscience ceazing on my Soule;
And my Tormentors bred in my Breast;
So not the minde alone, but Body whole,
Equally feeling, and alike distrest;
Such watch they kept; such clamor they did make,
That waking, I did dreame; and sleeping, wake.

Such

Such was my Passion, of all faith bereau'd,
VVhich should apply a Salue into my wound,
That in my Minde, Hell onely was conceau'd,
VVhich did all thought, and hope of *Heauen* confound:
Thus my despaireful *Melancholy* weau'd
The Web of my affliction; and I found
My *State* so desperate, and my Sin so great,
That no repentant meanes could expiate.

Should I haue fill'd the ayre with plaints and cries;
Haue wrung my hands in griefe; straynd blood in teares;
Eate into Marble with my still bent knees;
And all the Center rotted with my teares;
Such was the clamor of my villanies,
And so importunate were my Despaires,
That nothing (as I thought) would satisfie,
Th'offended Iustice of the Deitie.

The setled Center, easier might assume
The heauenly Motion that turnes euer round;
Huge Whales might sooner fly with feathered plume,
And Birds (like wormes) creepe on the baser Ground,
Ere I could hope, or euer might presume,
By my repentance, mercy to haue found;
For prest with sin, and of all Grace bereauen,
I could not lift one Thought so high as heauen.

Not

Not *Saul*, that (being poſſeſt) dyde Reprobate:
Not *Eſau's* ſelfe, that did his Birth-right ſell;
Not *Iudas*; mark't for veng'ance by his Fate;
Not thoſe which were deuoured quick to Hell;
Not hardned *Pharao*, all as Deſperate;
Nor curſed, and forlorne *Achitophel*;
Could be more ſurely ſeall'd, in Heauens iuſt doome,
Then I, in conſcience, for the wrath to come.

Thus blaſted with the Whirlewind of *Gods* Breath,
And ſhaken, with the Terror of his wrath,
Veng'ance aboue me, and Hell-fire beneath;
So void of Grace, and ſo exempt from faith;
What could I looke for but Eternall Death,
Since all my life was progreſt in that Path?
Now did I fondly wiſh, in my Deſpayre,
To be reſolu'd to th' Element, of Ayre

When drowſie *Morpheus*, with his Mace addreſt
My turbulent ſpirits, to a quiet Truce;
My Thoughts, ſcarce gaue me ſleepe; that ſleepe, no Reſt,
Though bound my Sences, yet my Sinne was looſe;
For th' Images of outward Things (Impreſt
In common Sence) did (as it is their vſe)
Preſent vnto my waking *Phantaſie*
The horrid viſions of my Tyrannie.

For my distracted teares (that wholy tend
To Extacies, and broken sleepes, vnsound)
Did to my Braine, black fumes of horror send,
Raisd from the Grave, and *Melancholie* ground,
Whereon the *Phantasie* did apprehend,
And forge such terrible obiects, that I found
My selfe oft strangled through those dreames of Terror,
Which shew'd my Death, and Hell, as through a Mirror.

Such apparitions frighted me in sleepe;
My Conscience, vnappeasd, my Sinne, still crying;
These terrible Impressions were so deepe,
That waking, I was Transi, and living, dying;
I wish't I had been Made a Worme, to creepe,
Or from a worthlesse Egge, beene hatch't from flying;
Or like proude *Nabuchadnezar*, to nourish
My Beastiall Nature, and like Beasts to perish.

Thus Sinne, a venom'd Tooth from Hell did borrow,
Which rankled to the Death, with deadly Byte;
I sorrow'd desperatly, because my sorrow
Was all too late, to helpe my helplesse plight;
I plow'd vppon my barren Heart, whose Furrow
(Not deaw'd with teares; nor sowne with Seedes, Contrite)
Could yeeld no fruite, but rankned with Sinns Ayre,
For hopeful faith, brought Thornes of sharp despaire.

Damnations feare did make me penitent,
VVhich Reprobates may haue with Gods Elect,
But Fayth and Grace, (whose ends are to repent)
VVere farre remou'd, and absent in Effect.
I knew my Sinne; with Sorrowes languishment,
In Conscience sticking, and in horror wrak't;
But that Repentance, which should saue and raise me,
Iustice forbids me, and despaire denaies me.

Now *Englands Genius* doth begin to swell,
VVhose spirit, long suppresst, breakes out in Fyre,
The Peeres doe stirr, the Commons doe rebell,
Gyrles great with spleene, and VVomen sharpe with Ire,
Old men take Armes, Children (now crept from Shell)
Wrong, and Oppression, doe with Rage inspire:
Factions now rend the State in seuerall parts,
Swords in their hands, and vengeance in their hearts.

Richmond hath set his foote vpon my Strand,
Who out of many letts hath wrought his course,
And like a *Streame*, which lower Bankes withstand,
Swells o're his Bounds, and spreeds his flowing *Sourse*,
The wrong incenst *Peeres*, augment his Band,
And giue his weakenes, a resistfull force,
Of those, that did my Tyrannous Yoake still beare,
None lent their strengths in Loue, but all in Feare.

Who in their ſtaggering doubts of Warres euent,
And to ſecure their Howſes from *Attaint*,
Did ſet a Coulor, on their forſt entent,
And with could Faiths, relieued my Hope as faint,
Diſtracted were their Mindes, their Hearts were rent,
Weake are the Powers that fight vpon Conſtraint,
Of ſome I tooke firme Hoſtage, to aſſure them,
And promiſ'd others Mountaines, to procure them.

From the could North, (ſummond by my Commaund)
I had a Company of Frozen Hearts,
Who ſeem'd the very *Stay-Crowes* of the Land,
So poore they were, ill furniſh't at all parts:
Theſe halfe Fac'd ſcruelings, and this Bandles Band,
Theſe ragged outſides, and theſe tattered Shirts,
Came as to warme them, nere the VVeſtern Light,
VVith Mawes to feede, rather then Hearts to fight.

Theſe were the Souldiers that I kept in Pay,
Such Fayndings neuer yet were preſt with Coyne,
Whoſe heauy lookes, their duller Spirits betray,
To make hope falter, in my Warres deſigne,
All ſought to looſe, rather then win the day,
And ſeem'd more *Richmonds* part, then friends of myne,
Yet theſe I term'd true Hearts, with falſed Stile,
And hartned them with many a hartles Smile.

And

And though enuiron'd with a darkeſome Feare.
Yet in my face, I forſt a ſeeming light,
Whoſe Subſtance crude, and could, I did out weare
The day, in cares, in waking Howers, the Night,
Vnſetled were my Motions, and did beate
Vndoubted ſemblance of diſtracted plight,
My Conſcience prick't ſoliciting my mynd
With Blood, for my moſt bloody deedes aſſignd.

O how I band the *Welch*, with bitter ſpite,
Ap Thomas, *Griffeth*, *Herbert*, and their Traine,
That with poore *Richmonds* handfull, ioyn'd their might;
To take part with the *Meane*; and leaue the *Mayne*:
But when they ſwore to our defenſiue Right,
With Sence reſerv'd, they kept their Names from Stayne,
For I Vſurpt, and had noe Right at all,
Their *Gardian Angells* prompt their Rize; my Fall.

Yet on I muſt with theſe my dangerous Friends,
To try the Chance of vengeance threatning Warrs,
Where guilt giues Terror, Terror Miſcheefe lends;
And mixe their Malice with my fatall Starres,
The Deuliſh Fury in my Breſt entends,
In ſpite of danger and all oppoſite Barrs,
To Cut this knot the miſtick Fates conteyne,
And ſet my life and Kingdome on this *Mayne*.

Richmond comes on, relieu'd with ſtill ſupplies;
VVhoſe firmeſt Faiths, giue hart to his iuſt Ayme,
Steeling the Back of his great enterprize,
VVith *Cambro-Brittaines*, men of taintleſſe Name,
My ſtrength, is truſtles; his, in true harts lyes,
And ſtill encreaſeth, going; like to Fame;
Angels attend Him, with their imminent powre,
Auſpicious are his Starres, and mine doe lowre.

The Prayers of old men, and the Nerues of young,
Giue vigor to his Arme, and prompt his Spirit,
Curſes, and *Rage*, (through Tyrany and wrong)
Attend my Action, and my hatefull merit:
I faint in *Millions*; He, in hundreds ſtrong,
For not the oddes of multitudes inherit
The victors Prize, ſince Warre (in heauens iuſt lawes)
Is euer ſway'd by Iuſtice of the cauſe.

Warr's the Tribunall, where all deeds of Armes
Receiue their equall, and their partleſſe Doome,
Not Fortunes Spels, nor *Legions* with their Charmes,
But muſt giue Fate Preeminence, and Roome:
Though men, like *Gyants*, with their proud Alarm's
Doe braue the Heau'ns; yet if *Ioues* Thunder come
In awfull veng'ance downe, ſuch pride he quailes,
So, not preſumption then, but truth preuailes.

The

The bloody Field is pitcht; ſurueyd the Ground,
The *Centynels* are plac't; *Perdu's* are ſent,
Souldiers entrenched, and encamped round,
And in the midſt aduanc'd my ſhining Tent,
Counſels aſſembled, for directions, ſound;
Aduantages propos'd, for Detriment, (keep,
All Things diſpos'd, night comes, ſtrong watch wee
When weighty cares, doe ſummon me to ſleepe.

Now doth my conſcience agitate my feares
In viſions, of my waking *Phantaſie*,
Now each particular action appeares
A ſtrong Appealant of my Tyrany:
Murder ſounds horror, in my deafned Eares,
And all my deeds of damn'd impietie
Preſſe to the Barr, where I receiue my doome,
Of death-Stabs heere, and infinite to come.

Me thought I ſaw in thoſe affrighting Dreames,
My ſlaughtred Numbers round about my Bed,
Op'ning their wounded Mouthes, in Crimſon Streames,
And powring Blood vpon my tyrannous Head:
The Furies Brands (me thought) ſhed flaming Beames,
To waſt me in my paſſage through the dead;
Where at Hels mouth, each howling ſpirit proclaimes,
And ring my welcome, with their clamorous chaines.

Me

Me thought I ſaw, and heard the loathſome Plight
Of dying Men; how bound in Froſts they lye,
Swimming in cold ſweates, and bereft of Light, (dry,
Their entrailes gnawne; pulſe, ſtay'd, and veines drawne
Their ratling Throats; fur'd Tongues; their broken ſight;
Their gaſping Breaths; their lookes deformitie,
Their earthy ſauor, in expiring Breath,
O horrid Dreame! but O more fearefull Death!

Me thought likewiſe, the diſmall Rau'ns did croke,
As I approch't my death, to paſſe the Graues,
The Earth did ſhake, and coniur'd Tempeſts broke
In hydeous noiſes from their Bellowing caues,
Which threw downe Turrets; roots the ſtouteſt Oake:
Then from the clouds the Arme of vengeance waues,
And giues the Signall to the bloody fight,
Where thouſand ſwords diuide me, and the light.

Theſe violent diſtractions broke in ſunder
The heauy Band, that bound my Sences faſt,
Whoſe frightfull viſions made me wild with wonder,
Yet vp I roſe, then had I ſlept my laſt,
And whiles with ghaſtly viſage, I did ponder,
Preſent, enſuing, and the Times long paſt;
I ſtarted from my Trance with ragefull Teene,
Taking a Dragons Spirit, a Tygers Spleene.

And

And as the motions of all Naturall Things
Proue ſwifteſt in their Ends; more ſtrong enclin'd;
As Torrents roare, deriu'd from ſmalleſt Springs
And gentle Blaſts, doe turne to boyſtrous winde:
So I reſolu'd to put on fierie wings:
And in my End, adde Spirit to my minde,
For yeelding Thoughts, befit the baſeſt Slaues,
Kings ſhould ſoare high, although they drop to graues.

The Mornings *Chanticlere* proclaim'd the day,
Whoſe lowring countenance vaild the *God of light*;
Yet gliſtring Armor (ſpite of Mornings Gray)
To valiant mindes, doe yeeld a cheerefull ſight;
The roll'd vp Enſigne, when it doth diſplay,
Giues Hart, and Coulor, to the Martiall wight;
From *Richmonds* Armes, his harts took ſuch bright ſhine
But leaden Spirits, could take no life from mine.

Now was my Battell rang'd on *Boſworth Plaine*,
The *Vantgard*, order'd; and the Wings were ſet,
Norfolke (my *Chieftaine*) with much ſweat, and paine,
Temper'd my Frozen Harts, with his kind heate;
Surrey, and He, bore mindes that had no ſtaine,
Both well approu'd in Armes, and martiall Feate,
Our *Standards* both aduanc't in open ſight,
Summons are giuen, to prepare the Fight.

My Men with *Souldiors Rethorick*, I excite;
Enforce the vildnes of mine Enemie
Th' Iniuſtice of his cauſe, of ours, the Right;
Our wealthy States; their deſperate Pouertie;
Their fainting Force; and our aſſured Might;
Our liuing Honors; and their Infamy:
So I concluded with theſe hartning Words;
S: *George for England*; and for me their Swords.

Now rotten Sin giues ripenes to my Fate;
And *Ioue* doth vaile the *Curtaine* of the Sky,
Reflecting Beames of Fauor, and ſterne hate,
On *Richmonds* Conqueſt; and my Tragedie:
Heauens ſinging Motion (that deuoures liues date,
The working *Organs* of the Deitie)
Haſt to my *Period*; when I muſt be throwne
From height of Pride, to depth of *Acheron*.

Signall is giuen; and the ſound of death,
Showts, Drums, and Trumpets deafen all our Eares,
Breſts, Buts for Shafts; and ſwords in fleſh doo ſheath,
Horſe, meet with Horſe; and *Speares* are lin'd with *ſpeares*;
Blood, blends with Blood; & Breath doth mix with breath;
Life, flies with life; and Beeres, are laid by Beeres;
Mazors to Bils, doe ſtand for Butchers Blocks,
Fire, twin'd with Lightning, Thunder, ioin'd with *ſhocks*.

Bellona

Bellona rag'd not ſo, as I did ſtorme,
My *Lyon* Spirit hunts *Richmond* for my pray,
I out-fac'd death in his moſt vgly Forme;
And through the thickeſt Shocks, I hew'd my way;
My Spirit was like whirle-winde, and mine Arme,
A pointed Comet, in this cruell Fray,
Streaming forth Blood, and foming Rage, and Gall,
Deathfull my ſpleene; my Fury, Funerall.

Vnequall'd was my more then mortall Ire,
Hels euer burning *Lymbeck* did diſtill
The Spirit of Diuels, in my quenchleſſe Fire,
Wiſhing ſuch power to damne, as hart to kill;
My winged Horſe did *Pegaſe* my deſire;
Windes, in my Paſſion; th'*Ocean* in my Will;
My cloud-congeſted Rage, diſſolu'd like Thunder,
My valour, more prodigious then VVonder.

But ſoone my Archers ſlack their ſtrongeſt Bent,
My Souldiers Steele rebated; yet (more keene)
They brandiſh Malice with one free conſent,
And againſt me, conuert their pointed Spleene;
Stanley, with *Richmond*, ioines his Regiment,
Some fled, ſome ſtood at gaze, the reſt were ſeene
VVith idle action to maintaine the Field
Powre, faintly anſwer'd, *argues Will, to yeeld.*

Then as I had attain'd the wiſhed Ken
Of *Richmonds* ſelfe, by noted Markes he wore,
In bloudy ſweare I ſpur'd through ſlaughtred Men,
To quench my fierie Spirit, with his Gore:
Brandon (his valiant *Standard-Bearer* then)
I ſlew; with ſtout oppoſers, many more,
And with ſpent Blood being weake in eu'ry part
I fail'd to ſet my Seale on *Richmonds* Heart.

My Horſe being ſlaine, with him I fell to Ground,
And yet euen then was not diſanimate,
For my high Spirit, aboue my Fleſh did bound,
Scorning the limit of my mortall Date,
Till with their thickeſt Troopes encloſed round,
And wraſtling manly with malignant Fate,
They Character'd in wounds my Tyrannie,
And thus perform'd my bloody Tragedie.

My Braine they daſht, which flew on eu'ry ſide
As they would ſhew my Tracts of *Policie:*
My yeares, with ſtabs; my dayes, they multiplide
In drops of Blood; t'expreſſe my Crueltie:
They pierſt my Hart; euaporating Pride,
And mangled me like an Anatomie,
And then with Horſes drag'd me to my Tombe,
Thus finiſh't I my Fate by Heauens iuſt Doome.

Yee,

Yee, that in ſtately madneſſe of deſire,
Doe thinke your ſelues firme Center'd in your *Spheres*;
Yee that (ſubiecting Sence) like *Gods* aſpire,
In riſing Hopes, confounding headlong Feares;
Behold in me, your ſuddaine quenched fire,
To depth of Hell falne, from thoſe lofty *Stayres*:
Aſſwage your Thirſt betimes; remit your height,
For if yee fall y'are cruſh't with your owne weight.

But if ye ſlight my Counſell: ſtill feed luſt,
Pamper proud fleſh; drinke ſinfull *Lethe* free;
Till Tyme and Death reſolue your Trunkes to duſt,
Your Soules to Torments, Names to Infamy.
And ſo farewell, for back againe I muſt
Vnto the horrid ſhades of Deſtiny:
Now doe I ſinke, as erſt in Pride I fell,
And to leaue fame on Earth, thus diu'd to Hell.

Now *Englands Chaos* was reduc't to order
By *God-like Richmond*; whoſe ſucceſſiue *Stems*,
The hand of Time hath Branch't in curious Border,
Vnto the mem'rie of thrice Royall *Iames*:
An *Angels Trumpe* be his true Fames *Recorder*,
And may that *Brittaine Phœbus* from his Beames
In Glories light his influence extend,
His Off-ſpring, countles; *Peace*, nor Date, nor End.

Hæc decies repetita placebit.

FINIS.